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I STOOP TO CONQUER.

BY JULIE.

In sooth I stoop to conquer, I confess:
For his dear love I strive, and nothing less,
His coldness now I do not pause to mind,
As to his heart the way I try to find.
I will not fall—nay, by sweet Heaven's grace,
As his beloved he shall me embrace!

But, I must never show, by word or look,
My secret purpose, although like a book
He thinks he reads me—dear, unconscious man!
Oh! I must win him and I feel I can!
So, I stoop to conquer this most precious prize—
'Tis fully worth my toil and frequent sighs—

Worth my lowly bending many a day,
Till to the happy goal I find the way,
For he has all my love: his I must win,
And his heart ere long I must live within,
Though now in the cold I shivering stand,
As he holds my life in his careless hand.

And he does not know or he does not heed
My hungering heart and its bitter need;
Yet the sun of that day will surely rise
When by my patient love his coldness dies.
But he little dreams, and shall never guess
I stoop to conquer him and nothing less.

Double-Death: OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE PONTZ),
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF
THE HUMIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DOUBLE-DEATH.

A FATAL, stricken field! A confused crowd of fugitives, huddled together, running across the fields, with a long, curving line of enemies shouting, firing into them in front and on both flanks, running to intercept them! A merciless slaughter! The massacre of Wyoming was begun.

On the one side half-armed farmers, boys of fifteen, and gray-headed men, unused to war, after fighting nobly against three times their number, were forced to flee. On the other, soldiers in the scarlet livery of King George, vengeful Tories in the dark green of Butler's Rangers, and a host of the red warriors of the forest, yelling like wolves for slaughter, drove the handful of patriots before them, cutting down the wounded, and scalping the dead without mercy.

Every now and then the poor, hunted handful of men would make a desperate stand, and the spitting red flashes of the rifles told that they had not given up tamely. The stand only accelerated their ruin, as the ends of the long line of enemies curved in round them, and the fire became overpowering.

The sickening thud of bullets tearing through human flesh, the spouting blood, men dropping, groaning, to the earth to be scalped by the merciless foe, such was the fatal field of Wyoming.

There were two exceptions to the general panic of the American farmers, both of them mounted men.

The one wore the uniform of a Continental colonel, the other the white frock of Morgan's Rangers. The colonel, a large, elderly man, galloped up and down with his sword drawn, inspiring death as by a miracle, encouraging the fugitives to rally and fall back in order.

The ranger, a small, dark man, retreated with the rest, but, while he retreated, fought all the while, in a style that denoted the possession of extraordinary coolness and courage.

He was armed with a double-barreled rifle, and seemed to be an excellent shot. He would gallop away ahead of the fugitives at full speed for a hundred yards or so, when he would halt, spring off his horse, kneel down so as to steady his aim, and fire rapidly, right and left, at the advancing foe.

Every time he fired two of the enemy fell, killed or wounded.

Then he would deliberately mount his horse, and coolly reload his rifle, riding at an easy canter the while, to repeat the operation a few minutes further on.

Every place that he came to, Indians and whites alike seemed to fear him.

The poor fugitives had a little rest whenever he halted, for the certainty of the man's shot seemed to awe the enemy, who invariably paused to fire at him, instead of rushing forward as before.

But hope and fear alike came to an end full soon.

The broad, beautiful Susquehanna, become a fearful barrier now, lay behind them, and down to the bank the poor fugitives were driven, their pursuers yelling for triumph.

It was at this bank that the massacre culminated.

Many poor creatures, who could not swim, turned desperately to bay, with gunstocks, knives and hatchets. Others plunged into the river, only to be shot in the water, or carried down the fierce current. The colonel seemed to lose all heart as he came there, and plunged his horse into the river to swim across.

The terrible rifleman alone tried to save his comrades.

Dashing full speed into the fight, wielding a tomahawk with a long handle, he bent back a crowd of soldiers and Indians, rushing to slaughter a defenseless old man, by the mere rush of his horse.

To blazes wid ye, ye bloody thaves!" he yelled, with a marked Irish accent.



He would halt, spring off his horse, and fire rapidly, right and left, at the advancing foe.

"Here's the b'y to kill, if ye dare! Whoop! Hurroo! Erin go brag! Tim Murphy forever! Down with the Indians!"

The enemy were beaten back for a space, and the rifleman turned to the old man.

"Get up behind me, daddy," he said, hurriedly. "I'll carry yez, off, I'll go bail! Hurroo! Jump now!"

With the activity inspired by terror, the old man scrambled up behind him on the horse, and the ranger turned the animal.

It was a noble act in such danger. Alas, it was useless!

Two men, in the green uniform of the Tory Rangers, threw up their rifles at the same minute and fired at the daring stranger. They missed him, but the old man uttered a shriek, and fell from the horse, dead.

The Irish ranger uttered a fierce oath, and raised his rifle.

"Now, may I never hear mass again, but I'll pay yez for that shot, ye murderin' spalpeens!" he said, vindictively.

A semicircle of foes, waiting to rush on him, stood, awed by the grim determination of his face, as he glanced through the sights of the rifle.

None knew whose death-warrant was signed.

Crack! crack!

The reports were almost simultaneous, and the two men who had shot the gray-haired patriarch fell dead beside him, while the scout put spurs to his horse and broke through the circle, away from the river, bullets flying all round him.

"Catch Tim Murphy av ye can, ye dirty blackguards!" he shouted, as he galloped away. "I'm off for Philadelphia! Hurroo! Whoop!"

"Curses on the fellow! shoot him, some of you!" roared a red-faced British officer. "Follow him! The rest are all dead now. After him! Will you let one man defy you so long? Who is he?"

An old Indian chief looked up at the speaker, as if wondering at his ignorance.

"Maybe so we no follow, colonel," he said, gravely. "Dat man be DOUBLE-DEATH."

"And who's Double-Death?" demanded the English colonel, angrily.

"Great warrior," said the Indian, sententiously. "Fire all day, load up at night. Injun no good to stand 'um. See!"

He pointed to the daring scout, who had pulled up at a little distance from the field, near the edge of the woods.

The bank of the river was covered with corpses, hideous with bloody heads, where the scalp-knife had done its horrid work. The crack of rifles was still heard, as a few Tories fired at the American colonel, who was swimming the river further down, on horseback, the only fugitive now left alive.

The scout, defying pursuit, had halted at the edge of the field, and was again off his horse, aiming with that deadly rifle.

Again came its double detonation, followed by the death-cries of two of the green-clothed Tories, against whom he seemed to be especially incensed. And then, with a cry of taunting derision, he turned and galloped into the woods, followed by a shower of bullets.

"By the Lord, he's a bold fellow, that Double-Death," muttered the English colonel, admiringly.

And he turned away to follow the clouds of his men, who were sweeping down, intent on murder, to plunder the now defenseless valley of Wyoming.

Double-Death and the American colonel were the only survivors left of the garrison.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLOTTE LACY.

A YOUNG lady, small and frail-looking, but of extraordinary beauty, sat in the bay window of a handsome house, in Arch street, Philadelphia, looking down into the street, and talking to a stout gentleman with a resolute face, that denoted the possession of a high temper and strong passions. The stout gentleman was dressed in the dark velvet coat and generally elaborate get-up of an elderly dandy in those days. He seemed to be very obsequious in his demeanor to the young lady.

gis Shippen, and I can not get her to tell me every thing. I do believe she's in love with him, and turning Whig. I have taken a fancy to fascinate the aide-de-camp. I can turn a youth like that inside out in a very little time.

"Perhaps not, madam," said John Barbour, gravely.

"And why not?"

"The young fool is in love already."

"Ah! this grows interesting. With whom?"

"With a country girl, called Marian Neilson, who lived near us," said the stout gentleman. "The boy always had low tastes. A simple country lass, with no two ideas in her head. But then he considers himself engaged, and he has a great deal of obstinacy. You'll find it hard to shake him, madam."

"So much the more amusement," she observed, gayly. "Positively, I must see this interesting son of yours, Mr. Barbour. Only twenty, you say, and engaged. Bah! I've broken many an engagement before this, with not half the cause he has to break this one. You must really hunt him up, Mr. Barbour. You're his father, and you know fathers ought to be forgiving—eh?"

"I can refuse you nothing, madam," said John Barbour, bowing. "Everard's my own boy after all, and they say he did behave uncommonly well at Saratoga. He ought to be on our side."

"Let us bring him there, Mr. Barbour," said the lady. "I'll be a good deal. Come, go and find him, and introduce him to me."

"I go, madam," said the stout gentleman. "If you can redeem him, and make him a faithful subject of King George, I will be grateful to you forever."

And the stout gentleman left the room. The lady stood gazing down into the street through the flowers, and murmured to herself:

"Little does he think that I have seen Everard already, and what is my motive in sending for him thus. Ah! Charlotte Lacy, in the days of your triumph, when English officers and Generals knelt at your feet, and you laughed at them, little did you think that a boy like this was to take your fancy and send you crazy to be near him. But then he is so handsome, and he looks so melancholy and poor. He shall not be thrown away on that awkward country lass. I am rich and I will keep him from it. And he must be brought to our side and tell me all about this Arnold. Little do these honest fools think where the money comes from, that that General spends so lavishly. Ha! they have met! I should know my young hero's face, among a thousand."

From where she was, she could see Mr. Barbour talking to a slight young officer in Continental uniform, who was coming from the lower part of the city. Their colloquy seemed to be interesting, for they walked off arm in arm, in deep conversation.

Charlotte Lacy stamped her foot impatiently.

"Why doesn't he bring him in?" she said to herself. "Nay, then, I'll checkmate this Mr. Barbour. I'm not accustomed to be treated thus."

She rung the bell.

"My carriage immediately."

And the willful beauty, seemingly much excited, hurried down-stairs, as the sound of wheels rumbled by the door.

CHAPTER III.

EVERARD.

JOHN BARBOUR and his son, the young officer whom Charlotte had seen from the window, were slowly walking along the outskirts of Philadelphia, by the river, conversing earnestly. They had been long separated, but it was evident that the reconciliation was complete, for the youth had been devotedly fond of his father, in spite of their disagreement in politics, and the father, hard and obstinate as he was, was still proud of his son.

"And so you were surprised to see me, lad," he said. "Where did you think I was, then?"

"In New York, of course, sir. I never expected to see you here, among the Rebels, you hate so."

John Barbour gave a short, dry laugh.

"No more did I, boy, but necessity brought me here. I've gone into trade now, and it pays well to run blockades, I tell you."

"But how do you get away from here, sir?" asked the youth. "General Arnold issued an order, you know, some time since, forbidding all trade here."

"I know he did," said John Barbour, dryly; "but I was able to present certain irresistible arguments for my own exception to the order. Do you see that, Everard? Your General isn't such a stern moralist that he can afford to displease us."

And he exhibited to the eyes of the youth a paper, which read:

"Pass Mr. John Barbour, a good patriot, with all his goods, through our lines at all times, on the public service."

"Benedict Arnold, Major-General."

Everard handed the paper back to his father and walked silently on.

Presently he turned round and observed:

"And have you really changed your opinions, sir. You were a bitter Loyalist a year ago."

"Bah! what does the king care for me," said his father, carelessly. "Money is the thing nowadays. They want fresh beef in New York and they pay three prices for it. We want silks and laces and outlry



here and they have a glut of them. The French blockade New York, and the English blockade us. They spread a net with the meshes too large, and we ran through. It pays us—you think your General a very pure patriot, Everard, hey, sir?"

"I think him a brave soldier," said Everard, proudly. "A brave soldier knows no dishonor."

John Barbour laughed a sneering, sarcastic laugh.

"Well, well, I'll not disillusionize you. Suppose I should tell you he was my partner in trade? What would you say to that?"

"I should think you were laughing at me," said Everard. "Do you think that I should be with him if I did not know he was the soul of honor?"

"I suppose not," said his father, curtly, and then he fell to musing.

"But you, sir," said Everard, presently, in a timid tone of voice; "I can not think that you have obtained that pass by fair means. I know you are not a good patriot."

"Well, what of it?" said Barbour, coolly. "You can't betray me, your own father. That's a stretch of patriotism I should hardly expect even from you."

"No, sir," said Everard, flushing painfully. "You know I can not betray you; but I have a right to ask that you do not make use of your safety on my account to harm my country."

John Barbour looked keenly at his son for a while, and then said:

"Well, I won't, if you'll give up Marian Neilson."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Everard, in a vexed tone. "You were aware that I was engaged to that young lady a year ago, were you not?"

"Not with my consent, sir," said his father, sternly. "I never approved, nor never will approve of such a low match. Come, sir, give her up, and I have a match for you worth a dozen—ay, fifty Marians. A lady of beauty, talent and riches has taken a fancy to you, and wishes you to be presented to her. These boy and girl engagements are never kept, you know, and, besides, I never gave my consent."

"And I, sir," said Everard, firmly, "will never give up the engagement, not for all the beauty and wealth that—"

He was interrupted by the dashing past of an elegant phaeton with a pair of horses, which pulled up close to them, and from which the most beautiful lady he had ever seen was bowing to his father, like an old friend.

The recognition necessarily interrupted his thoughts, for John Barbour was executing a profound bow to the lady. Everard knew her by sight. She was a great friend of Miss Margaret Shippen, to whom General Arnold was then betrothed, and the young aid-de-camp had seen her often from the window of the office where he sat writing tedious reports, riding by in that self-same carriage.

"Mr. Barbour," said the sweet voice of the lady, "positively you must come with me into the carriage. I have ever so much to say to you."

"Indeed, madam," said John Barbour, "I shall be most happy."

"Nay, but you must introduce your friend, too," said the lady, with a sweet smile at Everard. "From his likeness I can make a shrewd guess who he is."

"My son Everard, madam. Everard, Miss Lacy," said John, bowing low, and in a few minutes Everard found himself seated in the luxurious phaeton, wondering at the strangeness of the whole meeting, while the lady was saying:

"Do you know, Mr. Barbour, that I have often wished to know you? I have seen you often on horseback, mounting guard, and I have heard much of you from my friend, General Arnold."

Everard blushed up. He was young and unused to society, and the frank ease of the lady's manner had a strong tinge of condescension which abashed him.

CHAPTER IV. THE MILITARY GOVERNOR.

THE commander of the American forces at Philadelphia was returning from a ride in the suburbs of the city, followed by a single dragoon. The General looked stern and sour. His dark complexion and haughty features gave an ill-tempered expression to his face, and the pain he still suffered from the wound in his leg, received at Saratoga, increased the fretfulness of his looks.

He was slowly riding back on the winding country road from Germantown, when he heard the gallop of a horse at some distance in the rear.

Looking round, he saw the orderly similarly engaged, as if wishing to find out the cause of the sound.

Presently the distant figure of a horseman came in view round a turn of the road, and as soon as he saw them, the stranger began to wave his arms and shout at the top of his voice.

General Arnold halted and turned his horse. Even at that distance they could see that the stranger was a soldier, in the white frock of Morgan's Rangers.

"The man has news of some sort," he muttered. "What can have happened? He comes from the north-west. What's the matter?"

The stranger came closer and closer, and they could see that his horse was laboring fearfully, and gray with foam.

As if wishing to hurry the news, the General galloped back to meet him, and exclaimed when close by:

"Murphy, is that you? What's the matter?"

The stranger pulled up his horse, and the poor beast sunk to the earth at the same moment, as if utterly exhausted, the rider leaping off.

"Oh, glory be to God this day, General!" cried Tim Murphy, for it was none other. "Sure and I never thought to get the baste that far, so I didn't. And yer honor ruminates me, so ye do! 'Twas Tim Murphy that shot General Fraser at Bemis Heights, sir, so 'twas. Oh, glory be to God, General! ye're a good sight for sore eyes, so ye are!"

Arnold smiled not unkindly on the eccentric rifleman, and asked:

"What brings you here, Tim? You were sent to Wilkesbarre with Colonel Butler. Has anything happened?"

"Oh, misha, General! Has anything happened, indeed? Murder's happened, sir, and bloody scalps! The Tories is up, and the Injuns is after them, General, and they've murdered ivery man, woman and child in the hull valley of Wyoming!"

"Good Heavens!" said Arnold, much moved; "you can't mean it, Tim! When did it all happen, and how did you get away?"

"They came onto us yesterday, so they did, General, and ay it hadn't been for Double-Death here"—patting his rifle affectionately—"it's meself would have been lying wid the rest, there now. The colonel and meself we fit hard, but the bloody Tories was too strong, and we had to run. The colonel got away across the mountains, and, bedad, ay he didn't get stopped by more of the divils, it's himself is safe now beyant them."

"And how long have you been riding?" queried the General.

"All night and all the mornin', General," said the scout. "The little horse had to do his best, and, bedad, I believe he's killed. He's been ninety-five miles since noon yesterday."

Arnold sat on his horse, frowningly eyeing the ground and considering, while the Irish ranger tried to induce his exhausted animal to rise and follow him.

"Ah! now, acellia, don't be lyin' there like a stuck pig, while there's nothin' the matter wid ye, barrin' yer tired. Get up and come into town, where ye shall have an iliganet plane stable, and all the luxuries of the s'ason, so ye shall. That's it, alannah, git up on yer hunkies, and scramble up. Bedad, I won't ride ye another step till ye're well ag'in."

"Whose party has done this?" muttered the General, under his breath. "John Barbour must have known this was coming, and he never warned me. Now I must send some one to Washington to tell him this, and he may spoil all my fine plans."

He suddenly addressed the rifleman.

"Murphy," he said, "I must gallop back to town to send a messenger to General Washington. You lead your horse after us, and I'll have a fresh one at my headquarters ready for you. Can you ride any further?"

Tim made a grimace.

"Ay it's necessary," he said, pointedly. "But sure, General, ridin' a fender subject wid me joost now. Ay ye don't believe it, try ridin' a handier miles at a stretch onst yerself."

"Well, it is necessary," said Arnold, sternly. "Be ready to take a fresh horse and depart when you reach my quarters."

And he turned his horse, and galloped away up the road to the city, leaving Tim to follow him.

And, bedad, there goes a brave sodger, but a mortal hard General," said Double-Death, musingly. "He wouldn't give a man a chance to rest, ay he was dyin'! Git up, Tim; come along, Mister Murphy. We'll rest some time, ay it's only in the cowl'd grave. Maybe ye'll see Master Everard, the darlin', and he'll give ye time to slape."

CHAPTER V. TERRIBLE NEWS.

"A LETTER for you, sir," said the orderly on duty, as Everard stepped into his quarters late that afternoon. The young officer's eyes were bright, and his cheek flushed with excitement. He had just returned from a visit to Charlotte Lacy.

He took the letter without looking particularly at it, and went up-stairs to his room, humming to himself Ben Jonson's little carol:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
How beautiful she is, and how kind!
He murmured to himself, as he fell into a fit of musing, altogether forgetting his letter. He was recalled to it by the sight of his General galloping into the garden of the old Penn Mansion, in which they were quartered, up the stately avenue of elms. The orderly stopped and presented him with a bundle of letters, and Everard remembered that it was mail-day from the North.

He looked down at his own letter, and started, blushing deeply.

"From her," he murmured; "and I had almost forgotten her. Everard Barbour, where is your honor gone? Only one sight of a lovely face and you have almost forgotten Marian. Dearest Marian!"

He kissed the letter and opened it. It was written in a pretty rounded hand that spoke a country schooling, very different from the running, pointed characters in which fashionable ladies were wont to write, and it was dated several weeks back.

It announced that the writer, Marian Neilson, had left her home near Saratoga to visit her aunt at Wilkesbarre, in the valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania.

"And I do so hope, Everard," she concluded, "that you will be able to get the good General Arnold to let you come and see me now and then. Aunt Jane says that it's only a three days' ride from Philadelphia, and—"

General's compliments, Mr. Barbour, and he wishes to see you immediately, sir," said the voice of an orderly at the door, before he could read another word.

Everard started up and followed him instantly, for he knew the impatient temper of his chief.

He found Arnold stamping up and down the great, gloomy room, looking out on the elms, with his peculiar sanctum, and was at once greeted with the salutation:

"Hail Mr. Barbour, is that you? Get ready to ride to Brunswick at once, sir, to General Washington's quarters. Have you a good horse?"

"Yes, sir," said Everard.

He had but received it an hour before as a present from his now-to-all appearance—quite reconciled father.

"Don't spare it, sir! There's terrible news to take there. When you're ready, come back and report. Order out a troop-horse for a second man, who will accompany you. I expect him every moment."

Everard bowed and retired. He had no time to continue his letter, which he hastily thrust in his breast. He ran down-stairs, summoned his orderly, and had his horse got ready in short order. Then he went to his room and assumed his heaviest campaign dress for long-continued riding, a little curious all the time to know what the terrible news was, which he was expected to take.

In a quarter of an hour, booted and spurred, with his saber clattering at his heels, he stood in the General's room, ready to report.

He beheld there a face and form familiar to him, as to every one who had fought on the field of Saratoga. It was the sinewy frame and dark, keen face, with piercing black eyes, of Timothy Murphy, the ranger, better known as Double-Death, the Scout. He and Everard had become fast friends on that battle-field a year before, and the lad was glad to see him.

Arnold cut short any greetings in his stern, imperious manner.

"Mr. Barbour, there's no time to fool

This is your companion, the only man left out of the garrison of Wilkesbarre. Tell General Washington that the Tories and Indians have made a descent from Canada with the men of the Six Nations, and have massacred every man, woman and child in the whole valley of Wyoming."

Everard started back with a clash, entirely forgetful of military etiquette in his surprise and horror.

"Wyoming!" he ejaculated, faintly. "All killed! Don't say so, General. Don't say so. Oh! my God! Marian's killed."

"What's the matter, Mr. Barbour?" asked the General, haughtily. "What ails you, sir?"

"My God, General, not five minutes before you came in, I received a letter from my own betrothed wife, telling me that she had gone on a visit to her aunt in Wilkesbarre. And now I shall never see her more. The Indians have scalped her beyond a peradventure."

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Barbour," said Arnold, not unkindly, "but these things are the rule of war."

"And ay ye mane a young lady wid black hair, as used to live at Mister Neilson's, at Bemis Heights," said Tim Murphy, suddenly, "she ain't killt yet or wasn't when I left the place. I'll tell ye as we go, liftin'ant."

And Everard and Double-Death left the room together.

(To be continued.)

Pearl of Pearls:

OR,
CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PLUMING FALCON," "BLACK CURENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"GOOD-BY!—GOOD-BY!"

PEARL awoke at an early hour next morning.

It was rather a sad beginning for the New Year; and while she dressed for breakfast, she moved mechanically about—scarce daring to glance at her mirror, lest her own expression of face might bring the tears again to her eyes.

She did not descend when her simple toilet was finished. The prayer Miss Byrne had uttered there, the night before, seemed to have left a strange, enticing calm in the atmosphere, imparted a soothing weirdness to her surroundings.

As she sat by her window, and gazed out upon the far hills to the north, with their capping of bare trees that looked so cheerless—here and there an evergreen that peeped forth as a symbol of life in the midst of winter's desolate barrenness—there was a great struggle going on in her bleeding heart; a feeling as drear and lone as the picture which met her view was preying on her tender nature.

When the bell rung, she left her room, and started toward the breakfast-hall with a slow step—as unlike the gay, laughing Pearl of twenty-four hours ago, as shade is to sunlight.

"Pearl!" called a voice behind her.

Miss Byrne had been standing at the entry window, apparently waiting for her.

"Good-morning, Miss Byrne,"

"Did you have a good sleep?" inquired the governess, forcing a smile to wreath her lips, as she stooped to bestow a kiss.

"Yes, I slept very nicely. But I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for you," said Pearl, as she paused for a moment in the embrace of her friend.

"Keep up a stout heart, my child. All is for the best."

Isabel Rochestine swept past them before they could say more.

"Good-morning, Miss Byrne."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rochestine."

"I would like to see you," Isabel continued, "in half an hour, in the parlor. Come, Pearl, breakfast is ready."

Miss Byrne bowed as Isabel passed her, and Pearl followed after her stepmother.

The news of the death of Horace Rochestine had been imparted to the servants. Several among them were of old connection with the household—slaves who, when the proclamation of emancipation was promulgated, had preferred rather to stay with an indulgent master than to seek situations elsewhere.

The gloom was generally felt; and the dark-skinned waiter who was in attendance at table, already wore a complete suit of black, and moved about with an air of extraordinary gravity.

"Where am I going to, mamma?" asked Pearl, after nearly the whole meal was partaken of in silence.

"I really can not say, pet; Mr. Paine has kindly offered to arrange every thing."

"And didn't he tell you?"

"No."

Another silence. Both were occupied with thoughts of their own.

"Mamma"—at length, "can't Miss Byrne go with me?"

"Go with you! Why, Pearl, how ridiculous!"

"I don't think it's ridiculous, mamma. I love Miss Byrne dearly, and it would almost break my heart to part with her."

"How absurd! No, pet—they have teachers enough where you will go. Miss Byrne is going to leave me this afternoon."

"Are you going to discharge her?"

"Certainly, I have no use for her after you are gone."

"And she can't go with me?"

"Of course not!"

It seemed to Pearl that every thing was against her; at every turn there was something to increase her sadness.

Once she wished that the New Year had never come, as she had died before its advent. But this feeling was quickly overruled; she remembered the words of the governess, and she resolved to imitate her, to bear her cross of trials with humility.

After breakfast, Pearl retired to her room.

She sat down again by the window. But it was not to contemplate all that looked so desolate without; a new train of thoughts had taken possession of her—thoughts wholly of her father.

She was reviewing those days, not so far in the past, when that kind father was with her, to contribute to her pleasures, or see, in person, that his child was enabled to appreciate the value of studies destined to refine, without wearying the intellect, and fit her for mingling in that society where she belonged.

It was a bright dream to look back upon, and contrasted, mockingly, with her present situation.

She recalled his fond caresses, his encouraging smiles, his concessions to her childish humors, his promises of a brilliant future in store for her—all this ditted, like a panorama, in her reveries; and when she ended with asking herself if she had done anything in return for his care, she answered the question, half aloud:

"I'm sure I've been a good girl! I never gave him cause to scold me; I never disobeyed him; I always tried my best to please him. If he can look down from Heaven and see me, I know he must weep for me. And papa is in heaven—for he was very, very good!" Then the fair head drooped forward, and the speech was finished with words she could not withhold.

"I wish I was with him!"—a low, whispering utterance that melted from her lips in a long, deep sigh.

Some one tapped at the door.

"Come in."

It was the governess. Pearl ran to meet her.

"Oh, Miss Byrne!—I have more bad news: I asked mamma to let you go with me to boarding-school, and she refused."

"Did you learn where it is they are going to send you?"

"No. Mr. Paine is going to fix it all; and he didn't tell mamma what his plans were."

"And I have some bad news, too, Pearl," said Miss Byrne, smiling faintly.

"What is it? I don't want you to be unhappy," inquired said the child.

"It is bad for me. I have to look up another situation now."

"Has mamma discharged you?"

"Yes."

"She told me she was going to do it. I'm sorry," Pearl spoke low, and nestled closer to the governess.

"Come," said Miss Byrne, softly, "there are only a few hours left, and I want to give you all the courage I can. I can not let you go, until I feel that I have done you some good; for I love you, Pearl, as much as if you were my own dear little sister. Sit down by me."

"You don't know how much I love you, Miss Byrne!"

They sat there a long while, talking lowly together—the hours went by unheeded, and the sun passed its meridian. Even the lunch-bell did not disturb them, so happy was this communion of sympathetic spirits.

It was when the afternoon had well advanced, that a knock at the door aroused them.

"Mrs. Rochestine says for Miss Pearl to get ready right away. The carriage is waiting for her."

"Be a strong little woman, Pearl," said the governess, after the servant had reluctantly delivered his message, and was gone. "If you can conquer your sorrow now, it will not be so hard after a while."

And Pearl set her white teeth firmly together, as she proceeded to dress for her departure.

Down-stairs Isabel Rochestine was seated with her lover, Claude Paine, on one of the luxurious sofas. He had come in only a few minutes before, and, at his request, the message was sent up to Pearl, to prepare without delay.

"Where are you going to take her to, Claude?"

"To Ingleside—a charming place, where every attention will be paid her, and where, with so many girls of her own age, she can not fail to find pleasant companions."

"But where is it?"

"About six miles from Baltimore."

Then their conversation turned upon their own future. Each had much to say to the other; there was much to be planned out; and while the moments passed rapidly, they made good use of the opportunity.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Byrne, with Pearl close beside her.

"Ah!" exclaimed Paine, arising, "are you ready?"

"Yes, she is ready," replied the governess.

Paine's eyes were at first fixed upon the child. But they turned quickly on the speaker.

He started slightly; then gazed steadfast at her, and uttered something inaudible.

She returned his glance with a look equally as hard and steady, while the slightest of frowns contracted her brows.

Isabel did not notice what was going on; she was busy with Pearl, adjusting a careless ribbon and asking the child if she was prepared to say good-by, and obey mamma like a good girl.

Paine advanced to the side of the governess, still regarding her with deepest scrutiny.

"We have met before!" he whispered.

"Yes, Claude Paine, we have met before—and may meet again," she answered, in a tone as low as his, and full of ice.

One second he stood still; then he impatiently wheeled around.

"Is Pearl ready?"

"Yes," said Pearl, quietly; but, in the same breath, she sprang toward Miss Byrne, with a low, pained cry—to be caught in those sheltering arms, to receive the last warm kiss of a friend she thought she was about to lose forever.

When they reached the hall, the final, touching scene was enacted.

Two or three of the old, tried servants were gathered there, watching for her, to bid farewell to one whom they almost worshipped.

"Good-by, Missy Pearl!"

"God bless you, chile!—good-by!"

"Good-by!—good-by!" wept Pearl, as she shook hands with them; and they, devoted beings, cried like children as she was led away from them.

It was soon over. She was gone. She waved her handkerchief to them till the house was lost to view, and then sunk back on the seat of the carriage, to cry bitterly.

"Mrs. Rochestine!" exclaimed the governess, when the door was closed, "you have forgotten her trunks!"

"No, I have not. They are to be sent to her in a day or two. And, Miss Byrne, let me say, the sooner your own trunk is packed the better I shall be pleased. I will pay you an extra month's salary, in order that you may not be inconvenienced, pecuniarily, while seeking a new home."

Miss Byrne gazed after her, as she re-entered the parlor, and said, to herself:

"I see how it is with you, Isabel Rochestine—I know why the death of Horace Rochestine does not weigh you down with grief. It is because you love Claude Paine—because he loves you, and has told you so. But, oh! you will learn your error when it is too late, too late to escape the fate you are weaving for yourself. If you knew Claude Paine as I know him! you would shudder in spite of your blind love for him!"

CHAPTER VIII. A VISIT OF INQUIRY.

ISABEL ROCHESTINE was not unaware of the fact that Miss Byrne was looking after her.

She discovered it by one quick, momentary glance back toward the vestibule as she entered the parlor.

"Why is it this woman's presence is so distasteful to me?" she asked herself, pausing, thoughtfully, near the center of the room. "What makes her look at me so hard, with those large, gray eyes? Whenever we meet it is the same look—deep and mysterious, until, sometimes, I almost think she is a mesmerizer, or something of the kind!"—she was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell—a loud, determined ring, as if the comer was one of authority, and not to be refused admittance. "Who can it be?"

A card was brought her by one of the servants. It bore the same name as that which had caused the wonderment on the day

"Am I dreaming? What was it he said about Horace's will? That the bulk was to go to Pearl? I am, then, only to receive the widow's portion! But where is this will? It is all very mysterious. I wish I had had my senses about me, and learned more from him!—well, Miss Byrne?"

The governess had entered almost noiselessly, and Isabel started at the sudden intrusion.

"I have come to say that my trunk is packed, Mrs. Rochestine."

"What! Why, I really did not mean that you should go so soon as this."

"Further," continued Miss Byrne, without noticing the interruption, "you promised me an extra month's salary. I regret that I must ask you to fulfill that promise, but—"

"Yes—yes; wait a moment."

Isabel advanced to a writing-desk, on a small table that stood in one corner, and hurriedly wrote off a check for fifty dollars.

This she handed to the governess, saying: "You have been very attentive to Pearl, Miss Byrne. I know she has improved wonderfully under your instruction. In procuring another situation, you may refer to me, if you desire."

"Thank you. Where shall I say you may be found?" The question was put in a meaning tone, and the large gray eyes watched her keenly.

Isabel bit her lip.

"Well—really—I—in fact, Miss Byrne, I had not thought. I may be a long way from here when you get another position. I will write you a recommendation," and she turned again to the desk.

"No—do not trouble yourself, Mrs. Rochestine; it is unnecessary. I am well recommended by letters I already possess. I bid you farewell—I think I hear the carriage at the door."

"Stay, Miss Byrne. I would do more for you. Perhaps you have not saved much money while here. Shall I write a check for another fifty? I—have you made up your mind where you are going?"

Isabel scarce knew why she put this question. Perhaps it was a fate which prompted her to it, that Miss Byrne might make the significant reply she did.

"I am going, first, to Ingleside, Mrs. Rochestine—to see if Pearl is comfortable."

She was gone.

The dull sound of the carriage-wheels came to Isabel's ears, as she stood there, with newly-perplexing thoughts tangling in her mind.

"To Ingleside?—to see if Pearl is comfortable? What can she mean?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLAN WORKING.

THE carriage containing Claude Paine and his young companion sped onward at a rapid rate, for there was no time for delay.

Pearl could not check the tears of her more than grief; her feelings, at this prospect of exile, were such that her nature could not then overcome them.

He watched her for some time, listening to the sobs.

"Don't cry so, little Pearl," he said, at last, in a voice meant to soothe her.

"I can't help it, Mr. Paine!—oh! indeed I can't!"

"You must think of what a nice time you will have at school. There will be girls of your own age, who will love you; there will be all kinds of recreation to make your studies light. There is a gymnasium; a beautiful lawn; flowers; fresh air—why, you will soon be happy under the influence that will surround you. You will, besides, get a thorough education, and, in the end, thank mamma Rochestine for sending you!"

"I don't care for all these things!" she broke in, half-impetuously, as she wept on.

"Don't care for them! Why, Pearl, do you not wish to be perfect in your studies?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Paine, I do. But—" and the tear-wet eyes raised quickly to his face, "what is all this compared to what I am losing? I've lost a father—nothing can make up for that! And then, all the dear nooks and corners in our old house—I shall never see them again!—I feel I shall!"

As for flowers—why, one little bud out of my own garden, when every thing looks so pretty in bloom, is worth more to me than all the roses in the world! I want to be an educated woman, Mr. Paine, and maybe I will be; but, oh! see what it is going to cost—not in money, I am miserable!"

He did not interrupt the child; her speech was so strong, so passionate, so unlike what he might expect from one so young, that it held him till she had finished.

"But, Pearl, you will have such a great variety of interesting objects around you—" "Then they will be all the harder to choose from!" sobbed the voice in the handkerchief.

"But, so many nice companions—" "I don't want them. I only want one good friend, and I would rather have Miss Byrne than all the others you talk of."

At mention of the governess' name he started. It reminded him of the brief scene in the parlor.

There was, evidently, an old acquaintance existing between Claude Paine and Pearl's friend, and that it was significant the reader has, no doubt, inferred.

The young girl's last words had thrown him into a state of meditation; and the thoughts that began chasing through his mind could not have been very pleasant, for, as he sat silent, his gaze riveted on the floor of the carriage, he was frowning.

When he shook off the moody feeling that had come upon him, Pearl had ceased crying.

She was looking out through the window at the houses they were passing by so quickly; but her gaze was vacant, it did not note what she saw.

She was in that peculiar frame, for which it is hard to find a name—thoughtful, yet upon nothing; sad, yet scarce aware of it; oblivious, almost, to her own presence, yet, to an observer, reflecting deeply, and fully awake.

Silence prevailed during the rest of the drive. They soon reached the depot.

"Come, Pearl."

She roused, with a half-frightened start, at sound of his voice.

"Are we there?"

"Yes."

He assisted her out, and they entered the building.

Almost immediately his alert eyes discovered a negress standing near the door of the ladies' waiting-room.

As they approached her, he said, inquiringly:

"Cassa?"

"It's here," answered the negress. Turning to Pearl, he said:

"Here is the woman who will take you, Pearl."

"Take me?" she exclaimed, surprisedly.

"Yes. She will take you to Ingleside—to school."

"Why, I thought you were going with me, Mr. Paine?"

"Oh, no; that is impossible—"

"Does mamma know this?"

"Certainly—"

"It's queer she didn't tell me!"

"Perhaps she forgot it—or hardly thought it necessary. But stop a moment, while I get your tickets," and he turned away as he spoke.

Pearl gazed after him.

"Didn't he tell you I'm goin' to take you 'long?" asked Cassa.

"No," still looking, incredulously, toward Claude Paine, who was purchasing the tickets at the window.

Suddenly Pearl bent a close scrutiny on the woman who was soon to be her companion.

Cassa's face was if cut from wood; nothing there to intimidate the child, nothing suspicious, yet nothing to make her presence agreeable—simply a black, immobile face, with a pair of eyes that betrayed naught of their owner.

"Where are my trunks?" interrogated Pearl.

"Done gone in by dis time, guess."

"When are we going to Ingleside?—tonight?" questioned the young girl again, after a pause.

"Be dark when we gets to Baltimore," replied Cassa; "so 't we can't go out dar till mornin'."

Paine just then rejoined them. He had not been absent long.

Pearl would have asked more questions but for the interruption; and Cassa was already a little uneasy in answering the child.

"Now, Pearl, be a good, stout-hearted girl. We shall expect a long letter from you soon, telling us what a nice time you are having"—handing the tickets to Cassa while speaking.

"Have my trunks come in, Mr. Paine?"

She had not noticed that the trunks were not on the carriage.

"You will find them at Ingleside when you get there," he evaded, adding: "There is something from mamma."

It was a new portmanteau of rich material, and Pearl put it carefully away in her pocket.

"Don't open it until you get on the road," he said, forcing a mysterious smile. "There's quite a surprise in it for you. And remember this: on one side you'll find something rolled up, and marked with an X—that is for Cassa here," nodding toward the negress, and, at the same time, giving her a significant glance.

"I'll remember, Mr. Paine."

"And now let me see you to your seat, all safe. The train will start presently."

As they moved toward the gate, Paine found an opportunity to lean over and hiss into Cassa's ear:

"Mark, now: see that she does not escape you! Keep her safe out of my way, and, as long as you do, you shall have plenty of money!"

She answered merely by a knowing look, and they hurried on.

They were hardly seated when the gong sounded.

Paine, bidding Pearl adieu, took his departure. He did not leave the depot, however, till he saw the rumbling train far out on the curving track; and then, with a clenched fist, and a dark gleam in his eyes, he hastened out to the waiting carriage.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled, as he was borne away, "now the plot works! If Cassa serves me as she has promised, all is well. I am in the full tide of success. Isabel is mine—and so will be the wealth of Horace Rochestine ere long. The only obstacle in my path is removed for the present; and for the future, if need be, I can plot anew. Dorsey Derrick, we are two fortunate men. You shall come in for a good share of the spoils. Ha! ha! ha!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 125.)

Lightning Jo: OR, The Terror of the Santa Fe Trail.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT LAST.

YES; there lay the great Comanche chieftain, Swico Cheque, sunk into a heavy slumber—deep and profound—and yet of that character which would have required but the slightest noise to awake.

Lightning Jo paused in his creeping, stealthy movement, and stared at the savage, his own eyes gleaming with an exultation as ferocious as would have been that of the red-skin himself, had their relative positions been changed. The murderous and outrageous crimes of which this fiend had been guilty, his relentless war upon unoffending whites, his scores of murders of weak, defenseless women, and even the nursing babe, had placed him outside the pale of human mercy, and there was not a settler or soldier in the South-west who knew of his revolting character that did not feel that he deserved to be strangled to death, or put out of the way by any means that happened to present itself.

He had on, this moment, the very hunting-shirt to which reference has been made, fringed around with a broad band of human hair, from the long, dark, flowing tresses of the innocent virgin, to the light, silvery locks of prattling childhood. And his seamed face, daubed and smirched with paint, had the horrid look of that of some sleeping gorilla that had been feasting upon its human meal.

And yet in this moment of triumph, when Jo felt that he had him at last, there came a strange feeling to the scout, which can be understood, perhaps, by his whispered exclamations to himself.

"Confound it! It will look as if I was afraid of him, when I shouldn't like any thing better than to have a fair stand-up fight. He might keep all the knives he wanted, and I would use nothing but my fists. How I should like to play some trick upon the infernal skunk!"

Ay! at this very time, when he had every thing to make him serious and thoughtful,

there came a strange reaction over Jo, and an irresistible desire to play one of his practical jokes upon the Comanche. He concluded to wake him up to witness his own demise—but to arouse him in an original fashion.

It was a delicate task; but with that skill for which the scout was noted, he drew out his flask and poured out a stream of powder, moving the flask along from a point on the ground directly beside the Comanche's ear, for several feet away—the particles all being united, so that the connection was perfect. Then, when every thing was safe, Jo drew a lucifer from the little safe he always carried about him, and struck it upon the bottom of his foot. As it ignited he held the blaze close to the black grains, and then spoke:

"Swico, my own loved cherub—"

This was enough; these words were barely uttered, when his snaky eyes opened, just in time to see a serpentine line of fire rushing toward him, and going off in a big puff directly under his ear, in a way that scorched his face and caused him to leap to his feet, with a howl, followed by an instant rush out from among the trees. He had caught a glimpse of his old enemy through the whizzing, and he was gone like a shot.

This was unexpected by Jo, who had hoped that he would maintain his ground, and the two would have fought out their fight on that spot. He did not anticipate any such flight as this, which was made so suddenly that he had no time to interfere ere he was gone.

The scout had the intense chagrin, also, of feeling that his propensity for waggery had led him into a piece of foolishness that most likely would militate against the captive Lizzie. Knowing that she had one friend, at least, so near at hand, they would be sure to adopt greater precautions, and instead of waiting to be attacked by Lightning Jo, would, most probably, attack him.

"Let 'em do it," muttered the Indian-fighter, as he pressed his lips together, and his black eyes flashed. "I don't care much if the whole party come, if they only stay afore me long enough for me to clear 'em out of the way, and give me a chance to get a start from the gal. Howsuever, I don't know but what it would be a good idea for me to mosey out of this confounded place."

And acting upon this conclusion, he backed out as speedily as possible, and resumed his circuitous approach to the campfire of the Comanches—the locality of which, up to this time, he had been able to determine only by the smoke that rose from the opposite side of a small ridge several rods away.

But the red-skins, when apprised of danger, are no sluggards, and the chief, Swico Cheque, acted instantly upon the knowledge that had come into his ear in the emphatic manner mentioned. Suspecting that a large party of United States cavalry were upon his heels, he concluded that the safest plan for him was to get away with as little delay as possible, to accomplish which he sent back several of his warriors to dispose of Lightning Jo, and to keep the rest in check until he could secure his retreat with his prize.

Consequently the scout had stolen along over the broken ground but a rod or two when he found himself face to face with a couple of herculean warriors, who, approaching the cluster of trees in the same cautious manner, encountered the great Indian-fighter sooner than was anticipated by either party.

"That's good!" exclaimed Jo, "for now I will get warmed up to business. I'll try a left-hander straight from the shoulder upon this chap, and a right upon 'other."

The terrific blows were simultaneous with the conclusion, the startled red-skins turning back summersets upon the ground, where, with an incredible celerity, the frightful bowie-knife, which Jo whipped out from behind his neck, completed the ghastly work.

"Ain't there any more?" he growled, glaring like a wild beast thirsting for prey. "By heavens, if they don't come to me, I'll go to them!"

And he was striding directly toward the camp of the Comanches, actually intending to plunge among the party, and let off the superfluous steam, from which he seemed ready to explode, by making it one of those tremendous hand-to-hand encounters, which are occasionally heard of on the western frontier. But ere he could advance half-way, who should leap into view but young Egbert Rodman, his face white and scared, and panting from excitement and the great exertions he had made to find his companion.

"Oh, Jo! there's something wrong!" he gasped; "the Comanches are fooling us both, and we shall not get Lizzie after all."

"What's the matter?" demanded the scout, his muscles all quivering. "They are retreating; I heard the tramp of their horses' feet on the other side the ridge, and, oh, heavens! Jo, I heard the moans of a woman—it must have been Lizzie—and that set my brain on fire, and scarcely knowing what I did I left both the horses and rushed to the ridge—but they were gone; I could see nothing of them, and then I turned to hunt for you. In God's name, can we do nothing?"

Lightning Jo for the time was transformed into a demigod incarnate. Scarcely giving his companion time to finish his words, and vouchsafing no reply, he shot over the hill like an arrow, straight in the path of the fleeing Comanches. He did not pause to leap upon the back of his own mustang; he had no time for that; indeed there was no necessity, for he was going at a rate which no living mustang could surpass, and he felt that he could keep it up, too, with the blazing fury that was driving him onward.

Down the hollow, between the ridge, he shot like a thunderbolt, the wind made by his own velocity raising the hair straight from his shoulders. His practiced eye saw on the ground around him the prints of the horses' flying feet, and he knew that he was on the right track.

Still he saw nothing of them—but look! Six horsemen on a full gallop were seen, thundering over the ridge in a direction at right-angles to the one he was pursuing—fleeing as they supposed from three times their number, but in reality from a single man.

The excited scout could not avoid giving out his wild, peculiar yell, as he recognized among the half-dozen the chieftain Swico, and saw that he held in his black arms the pure, beautiful Lizzie Manning.

He seemed to burst into a tremendous rate of speed, that sent him like a meteor down the hollow.

The Comanches heard that strange yell, and identified it. Only one living man

could give utterance to that frightful cry, and once heard it could never be forgotten.

They glanced over their shoulders and saw the single man bearing down upon them; but they continued their headlong flight, and the next moment were shut out, for the time, from view by the intervening ridge over which they had just passed.

No doubt they believed that the single scout, rushing down upon them at such terrific speed, had a whole company upon his heels, and they could not pause, just then, for the delightful privilege of killing such a noted enemy as he.

Lightning Jo kept on down the hollow, following a course at right-angles to the one taken by the Comanches, until he reached the point where they had gone over, when he bounded up the declivity, expecting to come up with them the next minute.

As he did so he was met by the discharge of two rifles—one of the bullets striking him in the fleshy part of the thigh; but although the sting instantly warned him of what had taken place, he did not pause or even look down to see how serious was the wound, but he made straight for the Indians, who were now in full view again.

But hold! what meant that which he now saw?

Instead of six, there were but five Comanches, and a glance sufficed to show that the missing one was Swico Cheque, with the maim.

Where, in the name of all that was wonderful, could he have gone in the few seconds since he had vanished from view over the ridge? By what means had he disappeared in such a sudden and mysterious manner?

The moment Lightning Jo became aware of the state of things he paused. He cared nothing for these others mounted upon their horses: he was hunting for Swico Cheque and the girl, Lizzie Manning, whom he had stolen.

"And I'm going to get her, too," he added, "as sure as God spares my life!"

His experienced eye told him that the Comanche must have made another turn, the instant he passed over the ridge, leaving his comrades and taking a course precisely opposite to that of the scout, so that indeed the two actually met, with the back of the ridge shutting out each from the view of the other.

One sweep of his eagle eye was sufficient to tell Jo this, and paying no further attention to the five galloping Indians, he made straight for the stunted trees, somewhat similar to those in which he had first met him, certain that Swico was either among them, or fleeing beyond.

The correctness of this conclusion was verified the next moment, by a glimpse of the red devil, with his horse still under full speed, fleeing up the hollow beyond the clump of trees, apparently with every prospect of making good his escape.

But Lightning Jo "let out" once more with a speed that was really wonderful, feeling at the same time several sharp twinges in his thigh, which told him that his wound was more serious than he imagined and warned him that whatever work he was to do must be done quickly.

"That leg has got to carry me through!" he growled, in the very height of resolve. "It shall give out till after I come up with him! This business has got to be done now or never. God give me strength only to rescue her from the clutches of that wretch!" he prayed, "and then I'll be ready to lay down on the prairie and go under. Oh, if I had my mustang!"

Jo was through the clump of trees in an instant, and then, as he found himself gaining rapidly, he gave out his panther-like yell. The Comanche, who was no more than a hundred yards distant, managed to turn in his saddle, and pointed his rifle at the scout, who did the same.

But the treacherous red-skin, with a cowardice peculiarly his own, forced the form of Lizzie Manning directly in front of him, like a shield, and succeeded in screening himself in such a way that Jo found he was as likely to strike the one as the other.

In this strait it only remained for the scout to attempt to escape the bullet, and he made a lightning-like leap to one side; marvelous as was his quickness, it could not equal that of a rifle-ball, and he was struck.

"You shan't escape me yet," hissed Jo, as he dashed in with the purpose of drawing the Comanche from his horse, and finishing him with his knife.

With superhuman energy he passed fully one-half the intervening distance, ere the startled Swico could urge his steed forward again, and then he dropped like a shot to the earth.

Even then he would not yield—but with an amazing power of will, rolled over on his face, and rose on his injured knee. In this position he raised his rifle again; but the malignant Comanche had his eye upon him, and the same instant the fainting form of the girl was whirled around in his front, and the infuriated scout who, for an instant, had meditated shooting both, finding himself baffled at every point, dropped back again in despair.

"No use; I may as well go under," he muttered, giving up entirely.

The exulting Comanche, still fearful of the wounded man's rifle, rode on, intending to return at his leisure and scalp the man who had been so long such an effective foe.

But his career was at an end. He was still looking at the prostrate form of the scout, when the near crack of a rifle broke the stillness, and the great Comanche chieftain, Swico Cheque, rolled from his mustang, shot through the heart!

In his fall he dragged Lizzie Manning with him, and he would have slain her in his dying moments, had he not been killed as instantly as if stricken by a bolt from heaven.

The maiden, rallying to a sense of her terrible position, tore herself loose, and the next moment was caught in the arms of Egbert Rodman.

"Thank God! thank God!" he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his heart; "saved at last!"

She joined her murmurs of thanksgiving with his, and then with a noble sympathy characteristic of her, she raised her head, and said:

"Poor Jo is hurt; and I'm afraid he is killed! Let us go to him."

The two hurried down the hollow where the scout lay as motionless as if dead; but he roused up when he saw them.

"I'm pretty badly hurt," said he, "but if I can call my horse here, I think I can ride him to the fort. You'd better get that one yonder for the gal. Bless your heart! I'm glad to see you alive," he added, with a kindly light beaming in his dark eyes. "I

say, Roddy, help me down to where that red-skin lays. I want to take a look at him."

Lightning Jo made the signal to his mustang, and then, almost carried by his friend, he was helped to where the stiffening body of Swico Cheque lay stretched upon the earth.

"I won't scalp him," muttered the scout, as he looked at him, "cause he can't see it, but I'll take charge of that fancy dress of his, and send it to Washington for the Peace Commissioners to look at."

And this was done.

A few minutes later, the mustang of Lightning Jo came trotting over the ridge, followed by the horse of Egbert. With considerable care the wounded scout was placed upon it; Lizzie mounted the Indian horse, and the three instantly started on their journey to Fort Adams, anxious to avoid, in their crippled condition, all collision with the Comanches, who must soon find out the fate of their leader, and the number of the attacking party.

The fort was reached without any incident worthy of mention, where the other ladies were found just preparing to start for Santa Fe under a strong escort. Egbert and Lizzie joined them, after being assured by the surgeon of the fort that the wounds of Lightning Jo were not of a serious nature, and barring accidents, he was sure soon to recover his usual strength and activity again.

Tried in the fire, as were the two lovers, the bond of love was so deepened and purified, that nothing could occur to weaken and mar it; and when some months later, the handsome couple were united in Santa Fe—the jolliest guest of all, and the one in most general favor, was Lightning Jo, who had a story to tell the young husband and wife when he gained the first opportunity to see them alone. This story was nothing more nor less than the clearing up of the mystery of the Terror of the Prairie, as he had learned it from a Comanche prisoner brought into the fort. This noted creature and Swico Cheque, the Comanche chief, were the same. It was a ruse of the sagacious red-skin by which he obtained any desired knowledge of a party he intended to attack. Well aware of the superstitious nature of the bordermen, he blackened his face in a fantastic manner, wrapped several thick blankets about his body. These were bullet-proof, and although he incurred great risk of being killed, and was wounded more than once, yet it was left for Egbert Rodman to fire the bullet, that killed Swico Cheque, the Terror of the Prairie, and at the same time gained him his lovely wife.

A few weeks ago, while on a visit to the Land Office, I was shown by Mr. Wilson, the accomplished Commissioner, a singular relic of a late fight on the Plains. It was a garment taken from an Indian chief, after death. A shirt of buck-skin, made without the usual ornamentation of beads and porcupine quills, yet graced with something quite novel in the decorative way—a full, long fringe, formed of the hair of white women and children. It was a ghastly adornment—indeed, the entire garment was a very unpleasant thing to inspect. The only point in it on which the eye could rest without horror or pity, was a small round hole, beneath which the ragged heart of a human will beest came one day to a full stop.—*Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.*

THE END.

Hunting the Cariboo in New Brunswick.—The cariboo of North America is, to all intents and purposes, identical with the reindeer of Lapland and Greenland. The most southern range of this animal is the State of Maine, and the most northern, for aught we know to the contrary, is the North Pole. There are still a good many of them in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; but each year we have to go further from home to find them. In the northern part of New Brunswick, in Gaspé, in Labrador, and in Newfoundland, they still roam almost undisturbed by the hunter. They are not much hunted by the settlers, for two reasons, viz., because the hide is of trifling value, and because few men know how to hunt them. Would it were so also with the moose! But these huge animals can not travel in deep snow, and at certain periods of the year fall easy victims to the hunter on snow-shoes. Cariboo, on the contrary, from their lesser weight and the peculiar formation of their hoofs, which they can spread out or close at will, walk on the top of the snow, and can rarely, if ever, be run down. It requires a good stalker, and favorable conditions of wind and snow, to approach within range. Unlike the moose, they are sociable though wandering animals, and go about in herds. Their favorite resorts are spruce and juniper woods and barren grounds. They feed on mosses, of a pale green and brown color, which hang in profusion, like tufts of hair, from the stems and

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The continued remarkable increase in the circulation of this paper, while almost all others are experiencing the usual heavy summer decrease, is evidence indubitable of the interest taken in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. The new features and literary novelties of the season at hand, which we shall introduce (and a few of which are elsewhere announced) will confirm the impression now rapidly spreading, that in many respects the SATURDAY JOURNAL is the

BEST POPULAR PAPER IN THE WORLD.

A STAR SHOWER!

The publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL have the pleasure of announcing the early appearance of

FOUR GREAT LITERARY NOVELTIES by four of the most popular and eagerly-welcomed of living American writers, viz.:

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A STARTLING STORY OF REAL LIFE IN THE CITY.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

THE NUN'S WARNING;

OR,

The Mistaken Marriage.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE DARK SECRET.

These four brilliant productions are but a portion of the good things already in our hands. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is especially favored in its connection with writers of marked popularity and peculiar excellence, and its coming "campaign" will be a rapid succession of real literary *Star Showers*.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Our contributor, Major Max Martine (Henry M. Avery), we see has become a veritable "Knight of the Quill"—having assumed the assistant editor's chair on the Warren (Ill.) *Sentinel*. This, is indeed, a chance. From Scout, Trapper and Prairie Guide—from tramping a Dahcotah and Blackfoot—from a chieftainship of the fierce Teton Sioux to the peaceful companionship of the "copy boy" and proof reader, is like changing from Longfellow's back to the jog-trot of the old farm horse. But, it is not those who ride the fastest horses that make the most miles in a lifetime. A good editor with a quiet conscience and an office that "pays," is a happy soul—we know from experience! We wish the Major as prosperous a career with the paste-pot and pencil as he had with the scalping-knife and mustang pony!

—OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR, (Griswold), has "gone and done it"—has published a paper of his own. The first issue of *The Fat Contributor's Saturday Night* is before us. It is a very neat and imposing sheet, admirably put together, and "balanced" in the nature of its matter, giving promise of vigor, interest and real value. Griswold evidently means to do his best, and that is saying a great deal, for his best is like California trees—of the tallest kind. We are sorry to have him write for any other paper than the SATURDAY JOURNAL—even for his own *Saturday Night*, but if he will, we will, we suppose, so we wish him "one better."

—The *Binghamton Daily Republican* has our thanks for favors conferred. "The lovers of the marvelous," it says, "about ninety-nine per cent of mankind, will find sufficient material for mental pabulum in the *Star Journal*. That prince of prairie-romancers—Captain Mayne Reid—is a regular contributor; and the half-breath 'scapes which are an everyday occurrence in the lives of his heroes, furnish the rising generation with an agreeable dessert to the more substantial and monotonous diet of school-books. What boy has not dwelt with admiring ecstasy upon the wonderful boys' romances of that intrepid captain. For ourselves, we are free to confess that in our youth we preferred them, any day, to Robinson or McNally." Yes, and even "old boys" are not free from a liking for the weird story-teller. We are so fully impressed with this fact that the SATURDAY JOURNAL shall always have a half-dozen Mayne Reids writing for it!

That's What's the Matter.—There is a neighborhood up in northern New York which is said to be so mean that, if the Angel Gabriel should descend there he wouldn't blow his horn, for the people would steal it before he could give the first toot. It must be that some of the people of that town have emigrated to Ohio, for a correspondent writes:

"My SATURDAY JOURNAL comes to me *always* three or four days after I receive the other weekly papers; and, what is queer about it, is that the paper always is soiled and worn, and looks as if it had been the village rounds. Can you explain?"

Explain? Why, it's as plain as the squint of Ben Butler's eye. The postmaster's next door neighbor enjoys the reading of your SATURDAY JOURNAL before you are permitted to take it from the office. Just drop into his neighbor's house at some unexpected moment and you'll find out why your paper comes to you soiled and worn. As the SATURDAY JOURNAL is but two dollars and fifty cents per year, it strikes us that it would pay for our subscribers in that village to make up a purse and present the coveted paper to the delinquent.

ORDER.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law."

They who are breaking the first law of Heaven every day of our lives, and we ought to put a stop to it immediately, I suppose, if it were not for the fact that what is disorder to some is order to others.

An author's or an editor's table would look like confusion to some, yet to himself it is in the very primest order, for he can tell just where to lay his hand on a page of manuscript. He knows that under the pile of newspapers his scissors rest. Yet if you were to put them almost before his very eyes, he would scarcely notice them, because they are not where he desires them to be; so don't you go to meddling and disarranging his papers and manuscripts, for it will not only be rude but cause your kind friend much trouble.

I know of a young writer for the Press, who used to cover his table with the finest of white paper, and in the course of his meditations, some fine ideas would flash through his brain. If they were foreign to the subject, he would mark them down on his paper tablecloth. Upon looking over his table one day, he saw he had subjects and ideas for a good many essays, and thought, when he returned from his usual morning walk, he would prepare them for the Press.

But, alas! While he was away, that orderly landlady, in arranging his room, saw what she considered a dirty-looking tablecloth, and whisked it off, replacing it with another of the purest and most immaculate white linen, expecting, thanks without number, that she didn't get it should n't dare to tell you how many anthems he heaped upon that woman's head. His many ideas were long since reduced to ashes, and he was almost angry enough to scrawl all over the linen covering to pay his landlady for her "order." If he didn't feel like a bottle of gall, then he had a sweeter temper than Nature endowed me with.

I have seen lots of houses puffed up for their neatness and tidiness, but a look into the bureau-drawers soon convinced me that their order consisted in having every thing *out of sight*. What business had I to be looking into those bureau-drawers? I will tell you, my dear.

When I entered, I laid my lace shawl over one end of the lounge, yet on my departure I could not discover it. My hostess remarked that she might have put it in the top drawer of the bureau, as she had a horror of seeing things lying around in a disorderly manner. Perhaps I might find it there. I did find it there, all rolled up in a heap, and I also found that the hostess considered it no wrong to have things in confusion, so long as they were out of sight, but a most heinous sin against order if an innocent lace shawl reposed on one end of the lounge. I believe in people being consistent.

I like true order as well as any one, but I'd rather see the floor all cluttered up with papers and shavings, if I knew the children were enjoying themselves, than to see a house in the most perfect cleanliness, not a particle of dust on any thing, and know, at the same time, the children were miserable in sitting in those high-backed chairs, afraid to move, lest they should get things "out of order."

There are *wild-flowers* in our gardens, and they are beautiful; the wind loves to sport with the dried leaves of autumn, even if it does clutter up the earth; then why not let the children have a good time while they are young, even if an extra trouble in clearing up is the result? Don't drive all the sunshine from their lives, because you want things to be kept tidy and in order.

EVE LAWLESS.

HANDS OR BRAINS.

INDIGNATION calls me to the front to cast my mite in defense of our woman's cause, which is not necessarily unwomanly because it reaches to grasp facts and truths outside the limits of the four walls we call home, and the little eddies from the universal tide of life which ebb and flow there.

Woman has fought her course, inch by inch, in the different ways man has successfully trod. One would think that having beaten a broad, clear track, that our lords of creation would hold out an encouraging hand to steady us weaker ones by their side; but instead they strewed brambles in the way, and heap up rocks of difficulty which make wearisome work for tender hands to overcome. But thanks to the innate obstinacy of our sex, which, knowing their powers of achievement are bound to exert them, the work accomplished is all the more triumphant in its result from these same obstacles over-ridden.

Woman has built up for herself a distinct place in literature, in painting, in sculpture; she has traveled around the earth and has left us wiser for her observations; she has even proved herself capable of taking a man's burdens upon her shoulders, and executing them in addition to her own peculiar duties. It is no unusual thing for a tenderly-nurtured woman to support husband and children, to do it bravely, uncomplainingly, and well.

In the good old times that every one with a grandmother hears unceasingly about, woman was not condemned for aspiring beyond her allotted sphere if she went out into the fields and labored side by side with the good man who was clearing his wide acres, and building up a homestead to leave to a future generation. He was quite willing

that she should share the toil which brought the honest sweat to his brow; she might dig and delve, hoe and plow; pull flax and weave it, shear his sheep and make his garments, scrub, wash, milk, churn, and bring up a dozen tow-headed representatives of the family name, to bear witness in coming degenerate (?) days of the wonderful achievements "mother" accomplished.

A wonderful work, indeed, but no greater than our women do to-day, and are cried down for putting their shoulder to the wheel in a less-apparently laborious manner.

A woman who could support a family from the products of a few acres of ground, or raised a hundred bushels of potatoes through her own individual efforts, was duly credited and gave rise to numberless newspaper paragraphs, lauding her industry; but now, forsooth! if one has the ability and exercises her right to lecture at a hundred dollars a night, she has overstepped the bounds of womanly modesty and reserve, and is set up as a mark for the derisive flings, not only of her masculine rivals in the field—who may be pardoned a little apprehensive jealousy—but of her own sex, also, who do not recognize the blessings of emancipation from the chains which have fettered the best endeavors we may be capable of exerting.

"The mission of a wife is to aid her husband." Truly so; and if it can be better done by sitting at a clerk's desk, or setting type, or standing behind a counter, by daubing paint or driving the pen, than by turning old garments, or taking in plain sewing to eke out a slender income, why should a hue and cry be raised persistently against it? If it is easier to earn ten dollars, than to plan and grind in making one fill the void, why should it be deemed a departure from the proper course to choose the easier alternative?

If a woman has the ability, and finds for herself the opportunity, to earn money without the limit which has hitherto restricted "her work," why must it be hinted that she is neglecting husband, children and home interests, by doing so? It is argued that woman's strength is not equal to the strength of man, and is overtasked by regular daily employment such as he accomplishes; but ten hours will not cover a wife's labor in a poor man's house—there is patching and darning to the wee, sma' hours, and breaking day must find her astir—and I doubt me if the little ones have greater comfort from the mother whose force is consumed in stretching two obdurate ends to meet, than one whose work leaves her serene unburdened hours.

J. D. B.

We have in hand, to start soon, a most exciting and brilliant serial from the pen of Captain J. E. C. Adams. Its leading character is the celebrated Oseola.

THE FIREBRAND OF THE EVERGLADES, whose career is very faithfully portrayed in the story. It is sure to command the deepest attention from all who relish tales of the forest and trail.

Foolscap Papers.

My Latest Gardening.

My garden is not doing as well this year as might be expected, somehow or other. My corn came up all right and looked as if it was going to amount to something, and I went to the trouble and expense of getting poles and stuck three in each hill for the corn to climb up on, but, somehow, it hasn't got the right twist; for none of it will twine around the poles. I have examined all of it and don't find any tendrils at all. I think that something is the matter with the corn this year. Adopting one of Greeley's hints, I gave some of the stalks a little start to help them along by twisting them around the poles and tying them, but such as I assisted this way died. I never heard of corn being so obstreperous before, and am half-inclined to think the man sold me the wrong kind. I tried a new plan by grafting broomstraws on each stalk yesterday, and firmly hope, if there is any luck at all, I will have a double crop, or, at least, enough to pay expenses. Broom-corn has got up to such a price that it pays to raise as much of it as you can.

I read that potatoes were planted in hills; as we had no hill in our lot, I built one in the center, and put my early roses in. They came up all right, and had a pretty early rise on top—that is, they blossomed early, but not a sign of a potato appeared, although I have looked diligently all over the vines and under all the leaves. This is certainly beyond my comprehension, and I can't account for it. I looked all through the dictionary and couldn't find any explanation of it whatever. I have lent my copy of "What I Know About Farming." It is all probably explained there.

My pea-vines grew well enough, but I couldn't find a berry on them anywhere until it was too late, when a friend told me I would find them in those pods if anywhere. I thought they grew just like any other berry.

Our radishes came to nothing at all. When they first came up I went out to pull the weeds out, and through some unaccountable oversight I pulled up all the radishes and left the weeds, which I tended for nearly two months with the most assiduous care and uncomplaining industry, for I early love radishes, and during that time they grew to be higher than my head, and yet not a radish made any show of appearing on the branches, and it was not until I had called in a vegetable doctor (his sign read "Indian Vegetable Doctor"), to see if he couldn't do something for them, that I found out my mistake—that they were weeds, and the meanest kind of weeds, too, for when I pulled them all up—regretfully, however, for, through long care, I had become attached to them—and thrown them all over the fence, I verily believe they came back and got into their old places again, for when I went out there in a few days again after a rain, that bed was just as full of weeds as ever.

We had got some gourd-seed, but neither my wife nor I had ever seen them; we thought they were something new and nice introduced through the Patent Office from our Minister to England, so we planted plenty of them, and they are growing very well, but a squash beats them all around for pies, or stewing, though we expect better of them after they get ripe.

I read that you must stick onions early, so I planted them and put sticks to all of them, but they don't seem to run up poles very well either, any more than my corn did.

I sowed a large part of my lot with timo-

thy seed which I had bought of a peddler for turnip seed, and had quite a nice little crop of hay to cut. He also sold me some seed for dried herring, which I am extremely fond of, but they never came up on account of the weather being so wet; they grew better, I suppose, in dry seasons.

It was quite early in the season when I planted peach seeds, hoping to have peaches early in June, but I think they are bogus, for we haven't had any signs of peaches yet, though I've pulled up several of the little vines to see.

My cabbage didn't do well either this year, for only one cabbage grew on a stalk.

My cucumbers got as full of seeds as they could hold, and after waiting several months for them to get ripe, we found they didn't amount to very much then. I can't say that we are particularly fond of them.

My pumpkins ran all over their trellises and made a beautiful bow, but the fruit didn't hold on long enough to get ripe, and I have had all the sense knocked out of my body by having them fall on me. I haven't got over it yet.

My apples, pears and quinces promise to be very late, although I planted the seed three months ago.

When my beans began to come up, my neighbor told me, I must prune them every day by cutting them off at the roots, so that the tops wouldn't draw all the substance from the roots; I did so, but we haven't had a single mess yet. I don't believe this is much of a year for beans.

Take it all around, mother earth seems to be against me this season, and I shall try it no more until H. G. is elected, when I shall subscribe for his Presidential messages and make my garden altogether by them.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Short Stories from History.

The Crusades.—However much we may condemn the crusades for their extravagance and waste of human lives, it must be allowed that they were productive of very beneficial results in the extension of the useful arts to countries where they were previously unknown. In their progress toward the Holy Land, the followers of the cross marched through countries better cultivated and more civilized than their own; and it was not possible for them to behold the various customs and institutions without acquiring information and improvement. The naval power of the Eastern empire was at that time considerable. Manufactures of the most curious fabrics were carried on in its dominions; and Constantinople was the only mart in Europe for the commodities of the East Indies.

The commercial effects of the crusades were very considerable. The first armies under the standard of the cross, which Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon led through Germany and Hungary to Constantinople, suffered so much by the length of the march, as well as the fierceness of the barbarous people who inhabited these countries, that it deterred others from taking the same route; so that, rather than encounter so many dangers, they chose to go by sea. Venice, Genoa and Pisa furnished the transports in which they embarked. The sum which these cities received for freight from such numerous armies, and for military stores and provisions, was immense. The success which attended the arms of the Crusaders was productive of advantages still more permanent. There are charters yet extant, containing grants to the Venetians, Pisans, and Genoese, of the most extensive immunities in the several settlements which the Christians made in Asia. All the commodities which they imported or exported are thereby exempted from every imposition; the property of entire suburbs in some of the maritime towns, and of large streets and houses in others, is vested in them; and all questions arising among people settled within their precincts, who traded under their protection, are appointed to be tried by their own laws, and by judges of their own appointment. When the Crusaders seized Constantinople, and placed one of their own number on the imperial throne, the Italian States were likewise gainers by that event. The Venetians, who had planned the enterprise, and took a considerable share in carrying it into execution, did not neglect to secure to themselves the chief advantages resulting from its success. They made themselves masters of part of the ancient Peloponnesus in Greece, together with some of the most fertile islands in the Archipelago. Many valuable branches of the commerce which formerly centered in Constantinople were transferred to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa. Thus a succession of events occasioned by the holy war opened various sources from which wealth flowed in such abundance into these cities that it occasioned a new kind of fermentation and activity in the minds of the people; and excited such a general passion for liberty and independence that, before the conclusion of the last crusade, all the considerable cities in Italy had either purchased or extorted large immunities from the emperors.

During the continuance of the crusades, the Italian States established a regular commerce with the East, in the ports of Egypt, and drew from thence all the rich products of the Indies. They introduced into their own territories manufactures of various kinds, and carried them on with great ingenuity and vigor. They attempted new arts, and transplanted from warmer climates, to which they had been deemed peculiar, several natural productions, which now furnish the materials of a lucrative and extended commerce. All these commodities, whether imported from Asia, or produced by their own skill, they disposed of to great advantage among the other people of Europe, who began to acquire some taste for elegance, unknown to their ancestors, or despised by them.

Right upon the wake of the very interesting novel, "The Witches of New York," will follow the new romance of heart-life from Mr. Aiken's pen, viz.:

A STRANGE GIRL;

OR,

HOW TRUE A WOMAN CAN BE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND MILLS AND HOMES.

Mr. Aiken's stories are so varied in character that each one may be said to be a surprise, but we think in this most charming heart and hand revelation the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will experience a fresh sensation. It is a tale of marked power, beauty and pathos, and will be greatly admired.

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature in personable in a package marked "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a matter of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following MSS. are not available, and such as had stamps inclosed have been returned, viz.: "Orficle," "Lips and Roses," "Poor Old Tom," "Only Tight," "Breaks of Nature," "Adventures of Tom Hunter," "The St. Lawrence Tragedy," "Thanasopos No. 2," "The Blackleg's Wife," "A Boy's Love," "Rock O'Blaney," "Just as it Happens," "Where There is a Way."

We will find place for "Pearl Island," "Baby Belle," "Loss and Gain," "The Truth at Last," "A Brave Boy."

The MSS. by P. P. C. we hold subject to his call—retaining only "The Night of Surprises." His three poems are good enough for use, but we can not give them place.

The serial, "A Speck of Vengeance," we must refuse—not because it is not good, but for the reason that we have others that are, to our apprehension, better. We suggest that it be sent elsewhere.

Numbers of MSS. still come to us with only the old "book rates" prepaid on them. This is in violation of the law, and we must, hereafter, positively refuse to receive all packages that are underpaid in postage. The correct rate, by the new regulations, for all MSS. other than actual book copy, is full letter postage.

A BALTIMORE GIRL. We have another story by the author indicated, which will appear in due time.—As to the advertisement referred to we know nothing of it, but simply advise you to keep your money.—Glycerine soap is sold by druggists, in packages, for all uses.

H. B. The announcement of a new story by Mr. Whitaker answers your query.

MARLIN S. PIKE. "Snacks" are sometimes schooner rig and sometimes sloop rig. Fishing vessels rarely have three masts, and "Punch" characters appear in a number of the "Diane Novels."

P. L. C. G. We draw our poems from a pile when copy is called for. Your two contributions may lie at the bottom of that pile. The poem you now send is not "just the thing."

Geo. Wenzelack. No lady will permit a gentleman to pay her car fare unless he is a very intimate friend. If he does pay it, as it is proper enough for him to do, she must at least offer to repay it. It is then for him to pay or to let her pay, in which case the return, unless she insists upon it, in which case it is his place to accede to her wishes.

ROBERT K. The best way to get rid of fat is to work it off, and as a funny old saying says, "You can't eat your cake and have it, too." All carbonaceous food, as cheese, potatoes, rice, corn, beans, peas, etc., as well as milk, sugar and oils are to be avoided.

Wm. B. J. The MS., "Parson of Grizzly Hollow," was pronounced unavailable last December. No stamps for its return.

J. B. M. We have nothing in hand by the author named, but suppose we shall hear from him again in the fall.

The poems by Mrs. Wm. H. B. are quite good enough for use, but we do not care to retain them at the price named.

A. M. K. We have answered your query at least twenty times in these columns. See a late issue for one of these answers.

P. S. G. If your case is one of nervous weakness or disorder, it must be treated by a good physician, which tincture of valerian is as good as any. But if your condition is one of nervousness by temperament, your mode of treatment must be entirely different, food and drink, all nervous excitants, and especially to avoid tobacco.

WINSTON J. T. asks for some rules of true politeness, and we give the following: first—in the presence of your superiors, prove yourself a good citizen and talk but little. Second—when there are older persons than yourself in the room, do not take the most comfortable seat. Third—when you enter a house or room, always speak first to the lady of the house, and upon leaving, always take leave of her first. Fourth—always leave your card upon you, in entering a church, house or room. Fifth—never offer your left hand to a person as a greeting, unless for good reasons, such as when you are in a crowd, or before shaking hands with ladies; or if it is not convenient to withdraw the glove, say, "Excuse my glove." Sixth—raise your hat to your acquaintances whom you meet in the street. If you are a lady, ministers or elderly gentlemen. Seventh—Be ever upon the alert to prevent any careless act from offending or embarrassing those about you. Follow the above rules and you can not be deemed very impolite.

CARLOS ELLIOTT asks: "What is meant by Twelfth Night?" It is the custom in England, and in some festivities to continue for twelve days, and the "Twelfth Night" is sometimes known as "Old Christmas," for it is the day that is celebrated as Christmas before the almanac was changed in the 26th of December, which was done in the year 1582, by Pope Gregory XIII. Festivities upon Twelfth Night are still carried on in England, and also in Virginia and Maryland in this country, and when a number of ladies and gentlemen are gathered together, two dishes are served up, one for the ladies, and in one dish is a cake containing a gold ring, and in the other dish is a cake with a broken shilling. The gentlemen and lady who have received the cakes containing the ring and broken shilling it is said, are destined to marry each other during the year. In some instances such has been the case, adds to the significance of the old custom.

WATSON J. W. We can neither commend or condemn the use of miners' waters. They do not have benefited some and injured others, but would advise that you consult your physician upon matters pertaining to your health, and by his advice, we will give you here as *apropos* to your question, and they are taken from a tombstone in Childwold churchyard, in England:

"Here lie me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Sedilite waters;
If he had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here walls."

LOTTA CONNOR. You should not repine and make yourself miserable because you were not born rich and beautiful. Wealth, station and beauty are the accidents of life, and not the fault of the individual. Providence, but love, contentment and happiness may exist in humble poverty as well as with luxury and pomp.

Very truly, let your friends know that kindness may be saved in cases of drowning.

HOTSEKEEPER. Always treat your servants with kindness, no matter how firm you may be with them. Remember they are human beings, and may be wounded as well as those in the higher walks of life. Every reasonable indulgence you should grant them, and you will find that your kindness will do more than harsh treatment and hot temper.

MORRIS. You have no right to enter any private room without first knocking, to anticipate your coming to the person within.

W. WARD. Cold water poured on a fresh wound is the best application that can be made at first; or until the arrival of surgical aid.

Topsy. It is, above all things, wrong to talk in church during the services, or seek the eyes of your friends, to exchange a smile with them. You go to church to worship, not to amuse yourself nor to watch your neighbors, or for the newest fashions.

PATENTEE. The Patent Office, Washington, will furnish you with a copy of the Patent Laws, free of charge. Address your application, "Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

BY ALBERT.

If storms assail the poorly clad;
If widows weep and orphans mourn;
If sorrow makes the heart grow sad,
Bow down and pray, "They will be done!"

If death, with never-ceasing tread,
Takes all thy home a darling one,
There, in the presence of thy dead,
Bow down and pray, "They will be done!"

If misfortune, with its iron grasp,
Takes from thy wealth so dearly won,
Let not thy heart weep tears of blood,
But humbly pray, "They will be done!"

If fame and name and wealth and friends
Are taken from thee, one by one,
Look upward through the gathering storm,
And pray to Heaven, "They will be done!"

When o'er the portals of this life
You see your fast-decending sun,
Pray, as the darkness gathers 'round,
"My Father, let thy will be done!"

A Woman's Passion.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

CELESTE was half-asleep, and Claire yawning behind her hand for lack of "other words to conquer."

Dick Thorncraft had been the last victim, and he had wavered in such a miserably undecided way between the two acknowledged belles, that quite a spirited rivalry had sprung up in consequence. Not that either of them thought Dick worth the trouble, but Claire, who at the opportunity which enabled her to pierce Celeste's icy exterior with arrowy darts, envy-tipped; while Celeste spent whole mornings in practicing unobtrusive wiles which should end in sending Claire away in one of those tempestuous moods of hers, which were sure to upset the best of counterplots she might have arranged when once they possessed her.

Some lively speculations had arisen, and one or two bets made—in a quiet way—upon the result of the contest, so there was a little thrill of indignation and disappointment when Dick, after fluctuating in his devotion between the two shrines for six long weeks, went off one day and married an unpresenting little girl who had been preparing her trousseau, and trusting him blindly while he spent the last days of his bachelorhood in the delightful pastime of such exciting flirtation.

And of the remaining gentlemen of the company, every single silly moth of them all had singled his wings through the fluttering about one or both of the rival flames. Contrary to all precedent, they were satisfied by past discomfitures, and so for a week the smooth flow of ordinary events was scarcely ruffled.

It was only the exertion consequent upon the packing of a half-dozen Saratoga trunks that was holding Celeste there still, until this morning her lids wavered slowly wide, and she came out of her hazy, half-conscious dreamland to see Claire's cheeks flush and her eyes catch a sparkle from some prospect which opened upon her very without.

"What is it?" asked Celeste, lazily.

"Evarstone," answered Claire. "I thought he was in Europe. What has brought him down here, I wonder?"

"Oh," said Celeste, very indifferently, and drooped her lids again; but the seashell tint of her cheeks deepened and spread to her brow and neck, and a tremulous quiver about her lips seemed like the dawning of an expectant smile.

Evarstone had burst, comet-like, across the sky of the self-contained world of their particular clique at the very last party of the late season. The best part of a dozen eligibles there present, with the advantage of a first appearance, he had taken all hearts by storm and himself remained apparently unimpressed.

Both Claire and Celeste had come in for a share of his passing attention, and this conscious flush of the latter was in recognition of the fact that the influence of one or the other of them must have drawn him away from his preconcerted plans, down to the sea-shore where they were for the time abiding.

It was the case, Evarstone certainly had very great command over the prompting which actuated him, for he was chivalrous alike to the whole feminine element collected at the shore.

At the very first, that was. But a few days later Holme Greham made a stir in their midst as his name was added to the lists. Greham was a millionaire, young and handsome as millionaires seldom are. He might have expanded into a very good sort of ordinary personage, with average intellectual attainments, had not capricious Fortune given him a position ahead of his natural endowments. As it was, he had become a little arrogant and supercilious with those of his own sex, and coolly assured in his manner toward the opposite; with plenty of self-esteem to balance what he might lack of solid ability; and all the elements of fast New York life to contribute in rendering him *blase* to an extreme at twenty-six.

And from the time Holme Greham appeared, Evarstone confined his attentions exclusively, yet equally, to the rival belles. Greham flattered alternately, until Claire's unequivocal coldness led him to declare open devotedness to the stately blonde.

But Celeste—icy as she was—had a heart beneath her passive exterior, and it was thrilling in its regular beats these long, bright summer days with love for Evarstone. It was not now the mere desire to triumph over Claire which prompted her to assume the flimsy, misty robes that best suited her passing fairness; to unbend from her cold dignity until her matchless face under its crown of blonde silken tresses was warmed and softened by the love-lights that shone calmly in the sapphire eyes, and wreathed themselves in the smiles which curved her coral-pink lips.

Claire, too, was wayward and capricious to the extreme of her strange, changeable moods. And when Claire became so, you might be sure that some strong influence was holding sway over her.

Very charming was she through all these varying phases, every one of which seemed to exhibit her in some new bewildering light. Ah, Claire! child of impulse! heart of passion! how the whole force of that undisciplined nature went out in unacknowledged worship of your prince, Evarstone!

And he was simply attentive to both in a manner which might or might not mean more than it expressed to either one.

One night there came a fearful storm to lash the crested waves to white fury, and to tear in hoisterous blasts through the outdoor space, plowing curves in the wet

sands, and bending stout century-grown trees until their creaking sounds were like human shrieks of anguish, and their stately crowned heads swept the very ground or broke in defiance to the compulsory abasement.

The sojourners at the shore had gathered in one frightened group in the great parlors of the Ocean House. Celeste was there, white as the sheer lawn robe she wore, shivering and shrinking in the corner of a satin-covered sofa, and burying her face in the pillows to shut out the blinding flashes and deafen the thunderous peals, which left the air charged with electric influences and vibrating thrills which affected even the least sensitive of the group assembled there. An influence that sent terror thrilling through Celeste's frame, but inspired Claire with a wild enthusiasm that rose in sympathy with the warring of the elements.

She stood in an open doorway, rapt and breathless, her wide black eyes fixed on the pitchy darkness which alternated with those lurid lightning flashes.

A gleam, and a peal like sharp-continued artillery, caused those within the room to shudder and group closer; but Claire sprang out upon the broad rail which inclosed the veranda, exposed for a second, clearly before that white blaze of light died quite away. She stood there, balancing upon the rail, the fingers of one hand clasping a slender column, her slight, little figure swaying with the blast, her black dress bound by a scarf of vivid scarlet fluttering about her like a sable cloud, but her face stamped with that enthusiasm which left her pale through its intensity. She began to sing in a thrilling voice which grew steadier and louder, an invocation to the storm.

Such wild, sweet, clear notes that those listening could almost imagine her a storm-spirit issuing her mandates to the perverse elements. Louder, more thrilling, triumphant, grew her song; and the blast moaned lower and sunk away, the wild fury of the tempest was suddenly hushed. Then, as suddenly, Claire changed her song to one which breathed of peace and harmony. Celeste raised her face to listen, a flush of color surging like a vivid stain in the center of each cheek, and brilliant sapphire eyes furiously watching Evarstone. He too was listening, but his face was so turned in shadow that she could not mark its expression.

With a laugh, Claire sprang down from her precarious footing.

"The elements hear and obey," said she. "The storm is over."

Holme Greham pulled his mustache and stared hard at her.

"Pon honor, really now, Miss Claire, you don't mean to say that it was you stopped it?"

"Why not? I'll wager that no one here can equal me when it comes to raising a storm, whether or no I can quell one." And with that she slipped through their midst and flitted away.

"What a strange creature," said Celeste, with a shrug of her ivory-white shoulders.

"What do you make of her? I confess I'm puzzled."

"A very erratic and fascinating sprite," answered Evarstone, lightly. "I must give place, I'm afraid. See how anxious Greham is."

He sauntered away as Holme Greham pushed into the retired corner where Celeste sat.

"They're calling for another song before we break up," said he. "You'll favor us, and oblige me?"

But no consideration would induce Celeste to sing that night; and Evarstone, who had lingered near her all the first of the evening, made no effort to contest the young millionaire's absorption of her society.

For Evarstone had read something more than mere caprice in that storm-burdened lay; it was like the outpouring of a spirit that struggled against its own full burden of passion.

"Patience—patience," he whispered to himself. "But, ah! it is hard to wait."

Had Celeste seen the soft light irradiating his face, and read his thoughts then, she would have despaired.

For all that, Evarstone came no nearer to Claire in the days which followed.

A week after the storm, a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen were down on the sands practicing upon a target, which had been placed at an appropriate distance. Claire was there, idly holding a little silver-mounted revolver, and chatting animatedly with her escort as Evarstone and Celeste, strolling along the shore, drew near.

"An advocate of Woman's Rights?" he was saying. "Assuredly, but not in the sense you mean, Miss Celeste. Like you, I think women should not infringe upon purely masculine pursuits, whether of pleasure or profit."

With a tongue of flame leaping into either cheek, Claire raised her hand as her turn was announced, and the ball sped straight to the bull's-eye of the target.

"Try your skill, Miss Celeste," called some one of the party.

Celeste drew back with a deprecating murmur, but Evarstone leaned over her with a malicious twinkle in his eyes.

"Do—oblige me," he whispered.

"Don't you think it unbecoming?" she queried, open-eyed. She had angled for that expressed opinion of his purely for the sake of mortifying Claire.

"To be skilled in the art of self-defense is always justifiable," he answered.

She took the little glittering weapon with apparent reluctance.

"I'm afraid of it," said she. "It would be so easy to make a mistake."

"And shoot your enemy, if you have one, instead of the target?" queried Claire. "You looked quite equal to the opportunity for a second."

"I'm more likely to shoot myself," answered Celeste, turning the revolver in her hand. "I'm quite inexperienced—"

"Take care!" cried Evarstone, sharply.

She had pressed the trigger in her careless handling of it, and with the quick report sunk, pale as death, to her knees upon the sands.

"Oh, Heaven have mercy!" she cried, in a breathless way.

She had seen Claire reel and stagger, and clasped her hands over her eyes to shut out the sight.

But it was Claire's voice, nevertheless, which answered her horrified cry.

"Don't faint, Celeste. You have not succeeded in killing me, though you were such a good marksman last summer at the Point."

But Celeste *did* faint now, and Evarstone stooped to take from the sands the wadded ringlet which the bullet had severed from Claire's head.

"I must claim my property," said the

latter, extending her hand, as the group gathered around Celeste.

"Give me yourself, Claire—love," he whispered.

A defiant flash leaped into her eyes as she retreated a pace. He would not let her speak then, but drew her to the shadow of the cliffs at their back.

"I love you, Claire. I didn't dare sue to you openly at first—I so much feared a repulse. Darling, what is it?"

He had read a doubt in her face. Celeste told me you were engaged to her," she whispered. "I hated myself that I cared for you."

"And was that why you refused me the smallest crumbs of comfort? It was not true, Claire, and I love only you."

Celeste knew how it had ended when she saw them go back to the Ocean House side by side.

But she accepted Holme Greham that very evening, and froze to her old iciness for all time to come. Only two knew the intensity of passion which would have led her to commit a murderous crime that day upon the sands, happily ineffectual in its intended result.

Strangely Wed:

OR,
WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "ADRIAN, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT HAS HE DONE WITH ARTHUR CLARE?"

"GERALD FONTENEY is my husband!"

repeated Justine, with a triumphant thrill in her voice. "That is the secret of my avowed intention never to marry. Oh, Mr. Granville, wicked as you may flourish for a day, but justice will triumph in the end!"

Mr. Granville stared at her in simple amazement.

"Are you taking leave of your senses, Justine?" he asked, sharply. "Gerald Fontenev your husband! It can not be possible."

"Oh, ye of little faith!" cried Justine, mockingly, permitting the excitement of her triumph to overrule the serious aspect which the interview had taken. "You will know how possible when he takes me under his protection and demands from me the restoration of the trust which your confession shows so ill-executed."

Mr. Granville leaned back in his chair, shading his face with his hands, keeping his keen, stealthy glance on the bright face opposite him flushed with excitement.

"You may give me the particulars of the marriage, which I am half-inclined to think is only a chimera," he said, quietly. "How can you have met or known the man without my knowledge?"

"My story is a very simple one, with nothing remarkable in it to appeal from your belief," she returned. "It has not even the prestige of an adventure for an introduction."

"I met Gerald while I was away at school during my finishing term. You know that the rules of the establishment where you placed me were a little lax, but you overlooked that fact in view of the excellent course of instruction furnished; perhaps, also, that you had little faith in my strictly conforming to the letter of any set restriction. Still, the system was not unguarded enough to admit gentlemen indiscriminately to the presence of the pupils."

"Gerald was introduced to me by the principal at one of our private entertainments, and after that I saw him often. I knew that he sought me out on every available occasion, but I never attempted to discover his object in doing so, for I trusted him wholly and loved him from the first."

"I went home to The Terrace, but we met still at short intervals; and at last, when he asked me to marry him, I consented unhesitatingly. He told me there were satisfactory reasons why he should not consummate the marriage in public, or even make it known, until he was prepared to openly acknowledge me as his wife when I should reach my eighteenth birthday; but he wanted the legal right to protect me, should any danger threaten before that date."

"Our own good minister married us; and though I parted from my husband in the hour which made him such, and from that day to this have never seen him once, I wear his ring upon my finger and his image in my heart. I know that he is watching over me, and that he will let no harm befall me."

"You have made a strange statement," said Mr. Granville, musingly. "If it is true, you can have no objection to putting it in written form and signing it in the presence of witnesses."

"I would be proud to acknowledge it in the face of the whole world," declared Justine. "But without Gerald's sanction I shall do nothing to make public the fact which you alone know, aside from ourselves, the minister, and needful witnesses of the ceremony."

"Very well; it is of small importance," said her guardian. "Your revelation has surprised me greatly, Justine; but I have the sequel to it, which must prove equally astonishing to you."

"I did not wish to pain you needlessly, and so withheld the information, which I now think best to impart to you."

"Thanks for your consideration," retorted Justine. "I do not doubt that there was a motive behind it."

Mr. Granville smiled upon her benignly, and drew his hand across his brow, as if by that means he would sweep his thoughts within a prescribed compass.

"The night after your departure from The Terrace," he began, "I was called away on an unexpected journey. I was only absent until the following evening, but before I reached my home again, a shocking fatality had occurred there."

"A letter containing a tiny key was delivered to Lambert during the evening, and a little later a box arrived from the express office, which the key was evidently designed to open."

"The box, my dear, proved to be one of those contrivances known as infernal machines. There was no witness to the casualty, but there is no doubt that the simple turning of the key in the lock was sufficient to explode it. Lambert fell a victim to the contrivance."

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"Terrible!" murmured Justine, shudderingly. "But he is still alive?"

"Alive—yes; and he even retains a chance of permanent physical recovery. But his mind is utterly gone; he will be an idiot during the remainder of his life."

Justine uttered a low exclamation of horror.

"Who could deal such a cowardly, cruel blow?" she cried. "Is there no clue to the author of the dastardly deed?"

"There has been a man apprehended by the authorities on evidence sufficient to condemn him as a participant in the plot, if not the sole or prime mover in it. Circumstantial evidence, but strong against him, as you shall judge," said he.

Then he gave her a detailed account of the strange traveler's arrival at The Happy Rest, and the assertion of the lad who had delivered the letter at The Terrace. He dwelt upon every circumstance which served to implicate the stranger, but kept his own active measures in causing the apprehension of the other carefully in the background.

"He lies in prison now, awaiting his trial," he concluded. "If Lambert dies, he can scarcely fail to be convicted for murder; at best, he must stand a charge of assassination with intent to kill. If he saves his neck, he can not well escape a life of servitude in the State Prison."

Justine shuddered, but remained silent. Mr. Granville paused a moment to let her comprehend fully the fate of the man that his next sentence should disclose as the husband she so utterly worshipped.

"The man, Justine, who attempted to take Lambert's life in the cowardly and underhand manner I have described is Gerald Fontenev. Your own relation supplies an important link in the chain of evidence against him, since it undoubtedly reveals the motive of his act. The facts will tell hardly against him. He induces you, a mere child, to clandestinely marry him, his object being to gain possession of the wealth which he knows rightfully belongs to you. He exacts your promise of secrecy until you shall attain the age of eighteen, at which time you will legally come into the possession of your inheritance. He leaves you with the assurance that he will keep ward over you, which is another form of saying that he will take good care of the prize which he has in view for himself."

"Time passes and another lover makes his appearance. The latter is importunate; and Fontenev, becoming alarmed—for he knows that the clandestine marriage will not stand the tests of the law, if subjected to such, at this day—takes this as his supposed effectual method of getting rid of his rival."

"Your testimony will make it a clear case, Justine."

"Did you expect to impose such a tale upon me?" asked Justine, scornfully. "Gerald Fontenev is incapable of crime. I would wager my whole existence that he is as immaculate as you have proved yourself base, scheming and sordid. I will not listen to imputations against the honor of my husband, Mr. Granville."

For the first time Mr. Granville was roused to something like anger.

"You do well to carry it with a high hand now, my lady. Will it humble you any, I wonder, when you see Gerald Fontenev a branded criminal in the eyes of the world? Such he shall be so surely as it is in my power to dog the charge home to him, and you may console yourself with the reflection that you are a party to his ruin. I have you both utterly in my power as I could wish, and you may be sure I will not deal leniently with either while you attempt to resist me."

"Do your worst, Mr. Granville. Right must and will triumph in the end."

"Ay, but human endurance will sometimes fall short of the mark," he returned, dryly. "It can only be a question of time, and for your own sake I advise you to submit quietly, from the first."

"Submit to what, sir? I confess I fail to grasp your meaning. You made the proposition of a marriage which I have shown you clearly is an impossible consummation. I being already a wife. You have attempted to shake my faith in my husband, but in the face of all you can do I believe him true, pure and good."

"In the face of the proofs I have given you?" asked Mr. Granville.

"How am I to know that they are proofs? How am I to know that the whole story is not a fabrication intended to practice upon my credulity, and coerce me to a submission to whatever you may propose?"

"I think I can convince you at least that there is some truth in my statement. Do you recognize this?"

He took a gentleman's sleeve-button from his vest-pocket and laid it in her hand. A double-faced stud, one side gold with a chased monogram, the other set with an opal surrounded by tiny pearls; a setting precisely similar to that of the ring she wore.

"The officers took charge of the prisoner's effects," explained Mr. Granville. "By some oversight this button and its fellow were left in the room he had occupied at The Happy Rest. The landlord's daughter found them there, and at my request they were committed to my keeping."

"You will remember that I had no suspicion of your ever having met with Gerald Fontenev; but I saw that their settings were precisely similar to that of the ring you became so mysteriously possessed of, and curiosity led me to determine if any possible link of interest could connect the two I would ferret it out. Can you doubt now that Fontenev is situated as I have alleged?"

A sudden conviction flashed into Justine's mind.

"Before Heaven, I believe that you are the author of that dastardly deed, and that you schemed cleverly enough to fix the stigma of guilt upon Gerald, whom you feared and hated. If I have guessed the truth, and if it is permitted you to do him harm, I declare by the true love I bear him that I will seek out every infamous act of yours and visit the punishment that your plotting, hypocritical life may merit in its fullest rigor upon you."

"Not so fast, my little spitfire! You forget that you are in my hands, not I in yours. The fact of your marriage which you expatiate upon is only a slight obstacle that can be readily removed. I am not sure that it would even prove legal as it stands, but I know that an appeal to any court will restore you to freedom. As your guardian I shall immediately file an application to that effect. After a divorce is granted you shall marry me as I first proposed."

"But I refuse my authority for you to proceed in such a course. I am Gerald's

wife, and no decree of man can make me swerve in my allegiance to him."

"The court will grant me legal right of proceeding," said Mr. Granville, calmly. "Here lies the alternative, Justine. Submit to the course I propose, or know that your own hand signs Gerald Fontenev's death-warrant. You have some idea of my unbounded influence, and neither the judge upon the bench nor the jurors are quite immaculate. A quiet bribe will sometimes cover many a discrepancy of evidence."

"Are all men base as you? You will lead me to tolerate the doctrine of universal depravity if you continue. I never before credited human nature with such utter abasement."

"I have no time to enter into a discussion of ethics," returned Mr. Granville, rising. "It is quite too late to urge a decision from you to-night, but I will receive your decision before I quit the place. Let me hope you will discover the wisdom of compliance."

"I can assure you that the hope is a futile one, and do myself the pleasure of wishing you good-night," returned Justine, with ironical politeness.

"Good-night, my dear," said her guardian, suavely, and extending his hand.

Justine refused it with a gesture of repugnance, and drawing her tiny figure to its fullest height, swept past him with all the dignity which the bluest blood could have conferred upon her. But, with the door closed between them, she flew to her own room a perfect whirlwind of passion, and finding herself so enveloped in the toils he had woven.

"Oh, but there will come a day of reckoning," she breathed, with hands clenched and eyes blazing with angry fire. "Let him injure so much as a single hair of Gerald's head, or cast a blight on his stainless name, and poor, weak girl that I am I will overtake him with such vengeance as only tortured woman's wit could contrive to gall him. He is never so mad as to man it all. It must be that he is only striving to frighten me into compliance with his will, but if it be truth, let him beware!"

Gradually she grew calm, and lost herself in a study, trying vainly to find a path out of the difficulties surrounding her. She gave it up at last as a premature effort.

"I can only defy him," she thought, "and await his initial action in regard to myself. To-morrow will decide what that shall be."

She began to disrobe for the night, but paused in the midst of the task to take a tiny packet from his hiding-place in her apparel. It was the severed eurl she had received from the hand of old Name on the day of her journey here.

"Poor Gerald," she soliloquized, tenderly, with tear-dimmed eyes. "Your zealous care over me has betrayed you into the hands of your foe. You, my noble, princely husband, in a felon's cell! Can it be that Heaven will permit such an outrage?"

She had knelt by the side of the ebony stand to view the little silent messenger of her husband

She knocked upon the door and called aloud; then, remembering the little hand-bell, dashed to the state and rung out as sharp a peal as it was capable of producing.

In a moment Mrs. Wert's voice from the anteroom answered her, and, after the click of a key turning in the lock, the woman entered.

"What do you mean by locking me in?" cried Justine, angrily. "I will not have it; do you hear? You may go; all I want is the key from the outer side of the door."

"For Heaven's sake, hush, Miss! I've been waiting till the rest should get to sleep before I could come to you, and you'll have the whole house alarmed. Oh, pray, if you've any care for yourself, be still!"

The timid, nervous woman came close to Justine, and spoke with such desperate earnestness in her tone that the girl forgot her anger to regard her with surprise.

"Why should I?" she asked, half-resentful still. "What right has any one to deprive me of perfect liberty?"

"It's not the first time you've been locked in, Miss. It's been so every night since you first came here, though you didn't know it. It was Mr. Granville's order from the first, and besides," her voice sunk to an impressive whisper, "it mightn't have been safe for you to venture out of your room at night."

"On account of the hound?" asked Justine, coolly.

"Yes, on account of the hound. I thought you'd found out that much, and I barred the door after I'd been here to-day from fear that others might suspect it, too. The dog is muzzled at night, but he's large and strong, and might do you harm."

"But we're wasting time, and there's none to lose. Dress yourself again, quick as you can, Miss Clare. I am going to be your friend, though it is much as my life is worth if they find it out. Mr. Granville talked with my husband to-night after you left him, and I overheard enough to know that if you're to get away from here at all, it must be now, before there's any closer watch set over you. Make haste; my husband may wake at any minute and come in search of me."

"Why do you risk so much for me? why should you care to have me escape from here?" asked Justine, setting to work to obey the woman's behest. "You can do me no greater service than by helping me as you propose, but what reason can you have for doing so?"

"Because I have seen what it is to be the victim of Austin Granville's hate, and for my life I would not be the means of keeping an innocent young thing like you in his power. You've got a friend without, too, that'll help you when you're once free of the walls. Here is the key of the garden gate, and I left the kitchen window open. I'll see that it's shut after you; do you lock the gate again and carry the key along—it's not the regular one, and they may not suspect my agency."

Justine had hastily resumed the portion of her apparel she had cast off, but wisely discarded every thing of a silken fabric, which would tend to produce a rustling sound.

"I am ready," she said, "unless I should attempt to take some of my clothing with me."

"No, take nothing. Come; I shut the hound in the passage-way, but I must let it loose before I go down. Go you before."

"First, tell me, who is it that Mr. Granville has imprisoned in this house?"

A scared expression swept into the woman's colorless face.

"Don't meddle with his secrets, or it's sure to be the worse for you," she cried, in a frightened whisper. "Get yourself away while there's a chance for you. Hark! I heard some sound. Oh, go quick!"

"Is it my father?"

"On my soul, I do not know. Oh, go, do go!"

This time Justine heard a movement which was not caused by the hound in the closed corridor. She sped through the outer room and down the staircase with fleet steps; but already there was a gleam of light through the open door below, and she could see Wert coming toward her through the long flagged passage-way.

She darted beneath the open stairway, but scarcely hoping to escape her eye such slender chance of concealment did it offer. But the man passed on and the steps above her creaked beneath his tread.

When near the top, he addressed his wife, who appeared to have just issued from Justine's room, pausing to close and lock the door after her.

"What are you about up here now?" he asked, in a low, gruff tone, which presented a vivid contrast to the suave address he adopted toward those who were not in his power.

"Didn't you hear the bell?" asked Mrs. Wert, trembling in the presence of her master. "Miss Clare was frightened at noises she supposed she had heard. I told her that the wind rattled through with a strange sound sometimes."

"Ay, so," grumbled the man, in a tone which would not have penetrated the heavy closed door, but was distinctly audible to the girl in hiding below. "That face is nearly over, though; and my lady will find plenty to occupy her without ringing up folks in the middle of night to account for the fancies she may choose to take. Where is the hound?"

He uttered a low whistle, and Justine heard the rush of the hound above. She trembled, fearing that the brute might follow her footsteps and betray her. She slipped from her hiding-place and crept noiselessly out at the open doorway, without attracting the attention of Wert, who remained at the top of the stairway.

She found the open window as the woman had directed, but scarcely breathed freely until she locked the garden gate behind her.

Then the exultation of finding herself at liberty again overcame her fear of pursuit, and she paused to take a last glance at the mysterious house. The narrow front loomed black and forbidding above her. Without a gleam of light to mark the presence of a living soul, the structure from without seemed a fitting receptacle for the dark mystery which she more than suspected was concealed there.

She started at the touch of a hand upon her arm. She had heard no one approach, but a man was standing by her side, his figure dimly outlined in the starlight.

"I've been watching for ye ever since nightfall," he whispered. "Can ye run? We must put miles between us and this place soon as we can. Give me yer hand; now, this way."

"Who are you?" asked Justine, as he

seized her and drew her out into the open road. "Who sent you to me?"

"I'm one that's a friend to ye, mistress, and I've my orders from old Naome. Don't stop to ask questions now, for I'll not answer them till I have ye safe away."

Keeping firm hold of her hand, they set out together at a pace which was neither running nor walking, but a cross between the two.

It was a cold, calm night, with a clear sky overhead studded with twinkling brilliants. The ground was bare and dark, but the starlight was sufficient to enable them to pursue their way steadily.

Justine was accustomed to active outdoor exercise in all kinds of weather, and now kept pace with her conductor without inconvenience to herself. Too eager to effect her escape beyond fear of again falling readily into her guardian's hands, she did not attempt to break the silence which her companion had imposed upon her; but their swift progress did not retard the exultant train of thought which possessed her mind.

As the distance increased between her and the place of her late temporary banishment, she grew light-hearted as it was her nature to be, hopeful and confident.

"What a disappointment my astute guardian will experience when he discovers my flight!" she thought, with inward gloe.

"He never raves, but I can imagine what an expression of blank dismay will settle upon his benign countenance, and what an apostrophe he will mentally address to the fates at finding his very generous intentions thus suddenly frustrated. I hope he'll not visit his wrath on that poor little woman to whom I owe my release, for I'm sure that husband of hers is a brutal fellow, and that he uses her as a scapegoat on whom to expend all his ill-will. I'll not forget her kindness if I'm ever in a situation to return it."

"What a heroine of adventure I have become, too! Let me think from the very first—the first, where my apparently disinterested guardian assumes the care of me, and affects to afford me advantages as the offshoots of his charitable inclination. There's nothing romantic in the stretch of my prosaic girl-life, until Gerald—my prince among men—snatches me from his dull atmosphere, and places me to revel in the charmed realm of his love. Oh, my husband! I can bear to think of you betrayed by that man, since it will nerve me to surer vengeance upon him when the time shall come."

"Next in my wanderings I stumble across an old witch, who afterward proves to be a kindly fairy. She foretells, first, a fair lover, and then a dark one, and following her prediction up, the first presents himself upon that very day."

"He makes his wooing short and strong, and when I endeavor to amicably dismiss him, tries to frighten me out of my senses, and boasts of his power to quell any storm of resistance I may choose to make. And I—the more shame to me!—take the alarm and fly, as the old saying has it, straight from the frying-pan into the fire."

"My considerate guardian has only to throw out the bit of tempting bait which he has ready prepared in form of a suggestion to seek temporary refuge from my suitor's persecutions, and behold—You have walked into my parlor, says the spider to the fly,—or words to that effect."

"Then, passing over the strangeness of my surroundings and the mystery of the place, my guardian—who is the dark lover not for me—makes his appearance after a provoking delay, and coolly proceeding to divert himself of his sheep's clothing, stands revealed a very gentlemanly and rapacious wolf. He makes known his intention of devouring me—figuratively—and gives me a very brief interval to decide upon the manner and style in which I should prefer to be served up."

"Not quite relishing the idea of being so unceremoniously eaten, and being so fortunate as to find a friend in the hosts of the enemy, I take advantage of the opportunity of escape opened to me."

"But no sooner am I fairly free, than I am taken possession of by a rude fellow, who professes to be aiding me in a flight to be ended—well, I can't entertain the slightest notion where."

"I judge that he's young from his soundness of wind and nimble motions, and who knows but it's a third lover on the tapis, prepared to present the alternatives, 'marry me, or die,' after the approved method of 'stand and deliver!'"

"Ah, he's slacking the break-neck pace we've been going at, a little, at last. I began to fear that my endurance was not a match for his."

In a moment more Justine discovered that her companion was not only slackening his pace, but that he walked with an unsteady, lagging step, for which she could not account.

"I'm afraid I'm giving out," he said, turning his face toward her, "and that we'll have to rest a bit. If I could hold out a little longer we'd be safe enough. We must be nearly to the wood, I think."

"If you came directly from Naome you must have had a long walk," said Justine, sympathetically. "Did you travel the whole distance to-day?"

"Yes, but not all afoot; though I could do it commonly and not be fatigued. I met with an accident a spell ago that put my ankle out of joint, and I find that it's not strong enough for this sort of work yet."

"We've come two mile or so, as near as I can reckon, and must be near the place where I left a horse hitched among the trees. I'll keep on till we get there, spite of a few twinges."

"I fear it is paining you more than you are willing to admit," said Justine. "Lean on me while you walk."

"No, but we'll go slower," he said; "and I'll tell ye now what, I daresay, you must be wanting to know; about how I found where ye were, and where I'm taking ye now."

"Naome found that ye'd been sent away from the great house—she didn't suspect it that day when she met ye on the road—and she knew that it didn't bode ye any good. Then when something awful befell the young gentleman that's staying at the house, and ye weren't brought back, she tried to get at what ye'd done with ye; but the servants up there had got a fright, and could talk of nothing else, providing they knew aught of ye, which I'm free to doubt."

"I wasn't able to be out at first, but soon as I could limp, Mother Naome set me to dogging Mr. Granville's steps. I watched him close, but all in vain, until to-day, or yesterday, rather—for it's toward morning now—when he started here. I followed

him, not knowing but he was going only a little ways."

"He was horseback, and afore long I found that I couldn't keep him in sight while I was afoot. So I borrowed a farmer's horse out of his stable, and dropped back that I mightn't draw his attention to me. I saw him enter the house where ye were, and then rode back and tied the horse in the wood. It was sunset when I reached the house, and I saw at once that I couldn't get to ye without help from some one inside."

"I tried once to scale the paling, but found that it couldn't be easily done; so I just laid low and waited till I got a chance to speak to the woman there. She was willing enough to help ye off, which was more'n I had expected of her, so it's she ye must thank, instead of me, for what's been done to-night."

"I am thankful to you both," said Justine, earnestly. "I hope I may be able to prove it to you some day. There, are those trees ahead of us?"

"Yes, it is the wood."

"You haven't told me yet where you are taking me now," she said, as they approached it.

"I don't know what Naome has laid out, but ye've got to go to my people for a time. Maybe ye don't know that I'm a Gipsy?"

"A Gipsy! I was at the Gipsy camp once, but I don't think I saw you; I don't remember your voice. Is Naome a Gipsy, too?"

"No, though she's my grandmother. Her daughter married a Gipsy, ye see."

He seemed unwilling to say more, and Justine did not question him.

The horse was found as he had left it, and yielding to the necessity of the case, both mounted; a little after daybreak they reached the Gipsy camp.

It was not discovered that Justine had made her escape until late next morning. Then, though effective measures were taken in starting a pursuit, but little was accomplished.

The hound, held in leash by its keeper, Wert, was put upon the track, but was put to fault at the spot where they had mounted the horse, and could follow no further.

Mr. Granville rode back to The Terrace more troubled than he cared to confess by the turn affairs had taken.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEHIND PRISON BARS.

GERALD FONTENEY in his prison cell was a prey to agonized apprehensions. His girl-wife whom he had wedded to shield from the machinations of her guardian, he knew to be hemmed about now by the very dangers which he had striven to avert.

For himself he had little fear. In his conscious innocence he could not anticipate such a calamity as a sentence of penal servitude pronounced against him. He found the solution of his apprehension in the supposition that his old enemy, Austin Granville, had gained some hint of his (Fonteneys) intentions, perhaps of the private marriage, and had taken this means of ridding himself for an interval at least of one who was sure to foil his schemes if left at liberty.

He was not left in ignorance of the charge, or of the suspicious circumstances which might tell against him; he knew it, the secret relation which he held to Justine were really discovered that it might be powerfully wielded to his disfavor; but even this did not trouble him beyond the forced inactivity of the time, for he did not believe that any evidence which might be produced could hold against him in the face of a trial.

He had hit the truth very nearly as it had stood at the time of his arrest. But now, had he known it, he had cause to fear the worst from an enemy who was both cunning and unscrupulous.

The interview between Justine and her guardian had left no doubt in the mind of the latter as to the motive prompting Fonteneys' actions—past and future. He meant at once to revenge himself upon the man who had robbed him of his early love; to protect the daughter of Justine Cameron from the entanglements spread by her guardian, and to force the restoration of the immense wealth to which she was heir soon as she should arrive at an age to enable her to act independently of Mr. Granville.

Had he but known of the trust imposed by Arthur Clare upon the lad, Percy Lambert, had he received the written authority which would have constituted him Justine's guardian, the whole complicated plot would long ago have been made straight and clear.

As it was, he chafed against the restraint which rendered him helpless at a time when his utmost watchfulness, if not immediate action, was so urgently required. Had he been less occupied with fears for Justine, his trusting girl-bride, the ignominy of such restraint would have eaten like a canker into his soul. That suspicion so foul as this should fall upon him, would have bowed his proud spirit under a weight of mortified shame.

He wondered if they would attempt to impose the story of his guilt upon Justine; but remembering that he was there under an assumed name, knew that she might not suspect his proper identity. Still, there was the chance that Naome, who had been his faithful ally and who was partially acquainted with his movements, might reveal the truth to her.

So he found himself almost unconsciously hoping, as day after day slipped by, that she might find access to him in his prison cell; or lacking that, some word or message should come to bring a ray of peace into his tortured mind.

Day followed day, and neither came. Of course he could not know that during this time Justine was no less securely guarded than himself, though not restricted to such apparent narrow limits. Even Naome seemed to have deserted him.

One day, when mental depression was at its height, a tiny note was smuggled in with his evening meal:

"The door of your cell will be left unlocked to-night," it read, "as if by accident. At midnight the watch changes. The regular sentinel has been taken with a sudden malady, and a new one must take his place. You will find the latter blind and deaf to any thing you may do, and tools will be placed to your hand to force the outer door. After midnight you may venture out."

He had no scruples to attempt an escape lest it should be accepted as a tacit admission of guilt. The authorities had refused him an immediate hearing, and this time of which they would rob him might set the seal of success on Austin Granville's

schemes; of woe to his own life and Justine's.

The hours flew fast with hope confidently awakened. The prison grew still, and Fonteneys counted the rounds of the sentinel, watching with eager impatience for the change of guard at midnight.

A low, regular sound, to which for a time his excited mind could give no heed, claimed his attention at last. It ceased always as the sentry's step approached, to begin again when the echo died away.

"A mouse in the wall," he said, to himself.

But listening to it idly another idea occurred, and placing his ear to the floor he soon assured himself of its correctness. The sound he heard was the steady rasping of a file.

"Some poor devil working his way toward liberty," he muttered. "Heaven send him success according to the use he would make of it."

The low sound went on until the echo of distant steps and the clang of a distant door announced the arrival of the second watch. Almost at the same moment the prison clock rung out its twelve strokes. Then the rasping ceased, to be followed by a sound like the splintering of wood. After that all was quiet.

Gerald Fonteneys stood just within the door of his cell waiting and listening. The sentry approached, and as he passed the door Fonteneys heard the words "All is well!" pronounced in a tone low but distinct.

He waited a moment with his hand upon the latch, and then swung the door silently back.

At the same instant there was a crash near him, and a man leaped past. Simultaneously there came a sharp report of a pistol; a ball of fire rushed before Gerald's eyes, and the fugitive fell headlong upon the floor, with life let out by the bullet which had torn sheer through his brain.

Swift as the ball which sped past him, a chill spasm of horror swept through Fonteneys' heart.

"That bullet was intended for me," he thought. "My enemy nearly betrayed me."

Already he could hear the confusion of hasty steps and voices, and knew that the officials whose duty it was to remain in the prison were aroused by the unusual sound of the pistol-shot. The sentinel had reached the spot and was stooping over the fallen man. Fonteneys knew the folly of attempting an escape now, and withdrew into his cell, making the door fast within.

An inquest was held upon the dead body next morning. The man proved to have been a notorious character, under arrest on charge of wife-poisoning, and the fatality of the night only anticipated in a more merciful manner the result which justice must sooner or later have imposed. The fact went far to exonerate the sentinel from the blame which might otherwise have attached to him.

This man was not an official, and chanced to be on duty that one night through the regular guard having been taken suddenly and severely ill; he was on friendly terms with the latter, and volunteered his services in the exigency which arose. His name was Simpson, and he occupied an honorable post as Mr. Granville's valet.

Fonteneys was on his guard after that, though he scarcely apprehended another immediate attempt upon his life. The result of the first was too serious to be followed at once by another of a similar nature with impunity to those concerned.

The tragedy brought the prison into a certain sort of notoriety with the country people. They flocked to it for days after the event. The jail stood in a large yard inclosed by a massive wall with heavy double gates, iron-barred. These were left open during the day, and visitors had free access to all parts of the yard.

The county authorities considered the charge against Fonteneys of so grave a nature that all transitory visitors were denied to him. This explained Naome's seeming neglect; the old woman had tried in vain to gain admittance to his cell.

The precaution taken was productive of at least one good result for which Gerald was thankful. It spared him the mortification of being viewed by those victims of a morbid curiosity, who gazed on the prisoners in much the same manner they would have regarded dangerous specimens of the brute creation, from the safe standpoint of a traveling menagerie.

One day he was standing by the grated window of his cell watching such a group loitering in the yard below. His attention was attracted especially to a boy who did not attach himself to the group. This lad had the appearance of being from ten to twelve years of age; he was brown as a berry, with a pair of sparkling black eyes and jetty hair brushed in short curls beneath a scarlet cap. He wore a suit of velvet trimmed fancifully with scarlet braid.

Glancing up he caught Gerald's eye, greeting him with a quick nod of recognition, and with a furtive gesture seemed to implore him not to retire from his position by the window.

Fonteneys wondered a little, for he could not remember having seen the lad at any previous time. The latter sauntered about the jail walls, and pausing for an instant under the window from which Gerald looked forth. He cast a quick glance about him, and quick as a flash concealed a tiny package in a heap of rubbish which lay upon the ground.

Looking up he assured himself that the prisoner had observed the movement, and placing a finger of his left hand upon his lip, with his right buried up a tiny missile. His aim was a true one; a pebblestone with a fine silk thread attached, fell through the grating and lay within Gerald's reach.

The latter with a start pressed his face close to the iron bars, straining his eyes in an eager gaze down upon the lad, who was now walking nonchalantly away, both hands in his pockets in approved boy-fashion and whistling a lively air.

Yet on the little brown hand exposed fully to his view Fonteneys had recognized the opal ring he had placed upon the finger of his bride; and watching the little figure, graceful even in that disguise, he knew that it was Justine whom he had seen.

"My brave little wife," he murmured, with glistering eyes and swelling heart. "She is safe and she is working for me. A strange reverse that she should be attempting to effect my safety, not I hers."

Eager as he was to draw up the silken thread—so fine that it was almost invisible—he dared not attempt it while the daylight lasted. He watched it as it swayed in the

wind, trembling lest the gossamer fiber should betray itself to other eyes than his. But the short, bright winter afternoon wore on to a close and the thread swung there still.

He waited until the evening meal of coarse prison fare had been served and he heard the turnkey going his round locking up the cells for the night.

Then slowly and cautiously he drew up the tiny thread, winding it loosely over his hand. Length after length, round over round, until a stronger cord was reached, and then he could feel some weight attached to the end. At last a little package, long and narrow and securely bound, lay within his hand.

It opened to disclose a file and a keen-bladed knife, instruments that aroused an exultation of hope in his heart which seemed almost equal to the certainty of freedom.

He concealed the implements and lay down on the narrow iron bed too excited to close his eyes during all the long night. All the night and the day which followed, he studied to fix upon some plan of escape which promised some hope of success.

A single glance convinced him that the window was too small to admit the passage of his body, could he succeed in flying away the iron bars. Next he thought of the floor, and examined every inch of the planks composing it to give up the task of cutting it through as one too arduous to be thought of, while he had no idea of the further obstacles he might encounter before liberty could be gained. Inclosed on all sides by solid walls, his only hope lay in forcing the door which had once been voluntarily opened to him.

Once settled upon this, he rapidly matured a plan, and immediately set to work to carry it into execution. First, he filed through one of the rungs of his iron bed. It was a work of time, for he only dared touch it during the hours that he knew the guard to be engaged in distant parts of the prison. At last it was held by only a section, which would readily yield to a wrench from his hand.

He designed this both for a weapon of protection and a lever to force such difficulties as the knife and file might not overcome.

He was confined in a cell among the most secure which the prison contained. The door was cast iron, but it fitted into a jamb of oak, which, beneath Gerald's close inspection, proved to be worm-eaten and less secure than it should have been; this, of course, was not suspected when he had been placed there.

He located the position of the immense lock upon the outer side, nearly as he could, and set to work upon the oak jamb, carving out a large square with his keen-edged knife.

He had carefully husbanded his strength for the task, for he knew that, if accomplished at all, it must be done in a single night. The full moon, shining in at the narrow window, gave him sufficient light; and he worked with desperate, earnest haste, pausing only when the sentry's step sounded in the hall without.

Had the wood been sound, his task would have proved a hopeless one. As it was, he proceeded so slowly that his heart grew faint more than once, lest he had over-calculated his power of success.

He cut a deep ridge above and below, and then splintered out the wood between, repeating the process over and over again, until the socket which received the bolt was at last laid bare. The sight stimulated him to new exertion. He drove the knife deeper and deeper into the wood until he had cut entirely around the bolt.

By this time the moon was down, and the thick darkness which precedes the dawn had fallen. With heavy beads of perspiration upon his brow, he threw himself upon his mattress to await the last round of the guard.

The man's step awoke the echoes without, repressed, and died away.

Then Fonteneys, feeling his way through the darkness, wrenched the iron from the bed and found the door. He inserted the end of his lever into the cavity he had made, and, prying with all his strength, broke through the remaining wood—wrenching free both bolt and socket. The door swung inward, and he waited a moment—his heart in his throat. But the noise he had unavoidably made drew no alarm, though it was exaggerated in his ears to a thunderous sound.

He crept through the hall noiselessly. There were steps of descent at the end, and he could see a gleam of light from the jailer's room.

Half-way down the stairs a board turned beneath his feet. There was no railing at the side, and, though he grasped frantically at the steps, he was precipitated headlong to the floor below.

The prison officials, alarmed at the late attempted escape and its fatal result, had since contrived the trap into which Fonteneys had fallen.

The fall stunned and bewildered him. Before he could regain his feet, or collect his thoughts, the guard was upon him, and a struggle, which proved an unequal one, left him again a prisoner.

He was placed in another cell, and this time heavily ironed; and no third interposition came to afford him a chance of escape.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 133.)

ROYAL KEENE,
THE
California Detective:
OR,
The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ORLEANS KITT," "RED DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAREPAPA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE DETECTIVE'S REPORT.

AT seven o'clock on the following morning, Royal Keene—whom we shall give the California detective, Bright, his proper name in the future—was in waiting at the Hudson River Railway Depot.

Prompt on time, the first express from the West came in, and from the train came the detective, Cranshaw.

"Got my dispatch?" he said to Keene, as he grasped him by the hand.

"Yes; you've made quick work of it."

"And just by an accident," Cranshaw said; "I'll explain as we walk along."

The two left the depot and proceeded down the avenue.

"When I got to Sandy Creek and proceeded to hunt up the people whose names you gave me, I couldn't find a single one of them. They had either died or moved away. I hunted all over the village, of course pushing my inquiries very cautiously. But, at last, I had to give up, clean beat. So I returned to the little hotel where I had taken up my quarters. In the bar-room, which was the office as well, I got into conversation with a queer old codger, who looked as if he was about a hundred years old. He had lived in Sandy Creek all his life, and knew all about every man, woman or child who had lived in the town for the last sixty years. Of course when I discovered this, I saw at once that he was the man for my money. So I carefully turned the conversation to the Gordon family. As I expected, he knew all about them. He gave the whole history of the marriage of Philip Van Rensselaer to Sarah Gordon, and came to find out, he was one of the Gordon family himself, a cousin to Sarah Gordon. In about ten minutes I discovered that he was the only person in the world who could put me on the right scent. In order that you should understand the whole affair thoroughly, I must tell you the story that the old man told to me.

"When Philip Van Rensselaer came to Sandy Creek, about twenty-five years ago, the advent of the young and handsome New-Yorker made quite a little sensation in the quiet, country village. All the pretty girls instantly attempted to captivate the stranger. But to two only of the village beauties did he seem at all partial. And these two were Sarah and Amanda Gordon. The two girls were cousins. The old fellow from whom I got the particulars was Amanda's brother.

"Sarah Gordon won the New-Yorker, and they were married. Naturally the disappointed maiden, Amanda—or 'Mandy,' as the old fellow called her—was not over and above pleased at this result, although she did not openly betray her feelings, and seemed to be just as much attached to her cousin, now the wife of Philip Van Rensselaer, as before.

"Well, six or seven months after the marriage took place Van Rensselaer returned to New York. A few months after that, Sarah, his wife, gave birth to a female child and died. That child was the heir you are in search of, Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer.

"Yes, these facts I discovered three years ago when I went to Sandy Creek, but the rivalry between the two cousins is something new to me," Keene said.

"That's the point upon which the whole affair hinges, as you will see in a moment," Cranshaw observed. "After the death of the mother, a friend of the family, named Hartright, went to New York after Van Rensselaer. What took place between him and Van Rensselaer no one knows, as Hartright kept his own counsel. He persuaded Amanda Gordon to take charge of the child, and paid her regularly so much per month for her trouble. Of course everybody who knew any thing about the affair imagined that the money for the support of the child came from the father.

"When the child was about five years old, the guardian, Hartright, went off to India. Then Amanda Gordon married. Her marriage was an unhappy one, and in about six months time she ran away from her husband and came to New York, bringing the child, Alice, with her. She changed her name, and only one person in the world knew where she was, her brother. She acted in this way because her husband, who was a brutal, violent fellow, had often threatened to kill her if she left him, and she was afraid that he would be as good as his word if he succeeded in discovering her whereabouts. She had another motive, too, in disguising her identity. She had not forgiven Philip Van Rensselaer for preferring her cousin to herself, and she revenged herself for the slight by carrying off the child. But, from all I can learn in relation to the affair, old Van Rensselaer seemed to care very little whether the child was living or dead; at all events, he never troubled himself enough to either come to Sandy Creek, or to send any one to inquire after the child. When Hartright returned from India he found the girl and woman both were gone. The brother, who was the only one who really did know any thing about the affair, pretended to be in utter ignorance as to where his sister was. This was her idea, you see, so that Van Rensselaer shouldn't find the child."

"But where is she now?"

"That's what we've got to find out. For twelve years the old man hasn't heard a word from his sister, and said he thought that she must be dead."

"But did you get any clue which we can work up?" Keene inquired, anxiously.

"Yes. I found out the name of the woman with whom Amanda Gordon or Betts—Betts was her husband's name—lived in New York. By just another of one of those strange accidents, you know, which some people would call luck, the woman is an old acquaintance of mine, Eliza Keed, or 'Lize' Keed, as the Baxter street rounders call her. I know her well; a girl that used to live with her, called Jennie, married 'Denny' King. But I forgot, you ain't so well posted in ward politics as I am."

"Married a girl that used to live with her?" said Keene, thoughtfully, "suppose this girl, Jennie, should be the heiress?"

"Maybe; it would be a precious windfall for Denny."

"We had better hunt the woman up as soon as possible."

"Yes, I know where her crib is; no use of going there, though, before ten. She's a late bird, and don't rise early."

"Let's get some breakfast, and afterward we can go down-town and interview 'Lize,'" Keene said.

Breakfast over, the two sauntered slowly down-town, and about half-past nine found themselves in Baxter street.

Cranshaw stopped before a miserable-looking little two-story house.

"This is the rancie," he said. "This woman used to deal a little in stolen goods. I don't know whether she's got out of her old tricks or not."

In response to the detective's knock, a sharp-faced, wrinkled-up old woman, in a loose, dirty gown, appeared at the door.

A scowl came over her face when she beheld the detective.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Keed," said Cranshaw, blandly, never noticing the threatening scowl.

"I want to see you on a little business this morning—nothing professional," he added, hastily, as he saw the scowl deepen on the old woman's face. I'm in

search of a little information concerning a woman who used to live with you some ten or twelve years ago. She rented rooms in your house, I guess."

"Good many women have rented rooms of me in the last ten years," she said, gruffly.

"Yes, of course; this woman I speak of rented rooms of you when you had your house in Bayard street. A woman from the country, with a little girl; a young woman, and rather good-looking, except that she had reddish hair."

"Yes, I know," the old woman said.

"You remember her, then?"

"Yes, I don't often forget nobody, not even you, Mister Detective," she replied, coarsely, and with malice in her voice.

"Now, 'Lize Jane, don't you get your back up," said the detective, jocosely. "I want a little information out of you and you're going to give it to me."

"Well, now don't you be too sure of that!" exclaimed the old woman, placing her hands upon her hips, defiantly. "I ain't over and above in love with you, now I can tell you."

"Now, Mrs. Keed, don't let your angry passions rise. I may be able to do you a good turn one of these days. You know the best of people get into trouble sometimes. It might kinder worry you if I were to put a man in front of the house and keep him there night and day for the next week or two; it might frighten some of your visitors away."

The woman glared at the detective for a moment but made no answer.

"Now don't be a fool; I only want a little information. It don't concern you in the least. You see I want to know what has become of the child that the woman had."

"The woman's dead," the old hag said, suddenly.

"Yes, I guessed as much," the detective replied; "don't care any thing about her. I want the child."

"She's a woman now."

"Yes, I know that."

"Is it going to do her any good?" the woman asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I think that I can put a good lump of money in her way."

"Well, come in and I'll tell you all I know," the woman said, opening the door, and changing her tone wonderfully.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST WILL.

The two detectives followed the old woman into the house and sat down in the front room.

"If you find the girl then it will be a good thing for her," the old woman queried.

"Yes," Cranshaw replied.

Well, I know all about it, because when the woman died I took the girl and took care of her until she went and got married."

"Oh, she is married then?" Keene asked, watching the face of the woman intently.

"Yes; gals will do such things, you know," she said, with a chuckle.

"Is she in New York now?" Cranshaw asked.

"Yes."

"Can you tell us where we can find her?"

"Of course I can; she married a man called Denny King."

Keene looked a little disappointed.

"You are sure that this is the child of the woman?"

"Her name was Gordon," said the old woman, suddenly; "that was her maiden name. She was married but she didn't go by her husband's name."

"That is correct," Keene said. "Did she call herself Gordon?"

"No."

"Is that it?" Keene took an old envelope from his pocket and penciled a name upon it, then handed it to the old woman.

"Yes," she replied, promptly, the moment she read the name.

"Well, that's all we want to know," Keene said, rising.

"Do you know where to find Jennie?" the old woman asked.

"Oh, yes," Keene answered, quickly.

"Then the two left the house."

"Well, Jennie is the heir after all," Cranshaw said.

"So the old woman says," Keene replied.

"I know exactly where to put my hands on the girl. She's in John Allen's dance-house, in Water street. Her husband's up on the Island. Shall we go over to the dance-house?"

"No hurry about it," Keene said, carelessly. "I guess the girl will keep."

Cranshaw looked at Keene in astonishment; he did not understand why he had so suddenly slackened in the chase.

"That old woman is pretty sharp," Keene said, after a pause.

"Yes; in the old time she was more bother to the police than any other receiver of stolen property in the city."

"Pretty sharp," Keene repeated, slowly, "but I rather think she won't pull the wool over my eyes, much."

Cranshaw did not exactly understand Keene's meaning, but he held his peace and said nothing.

Van Rensselaer sat in his library, surrounded by the morning papers.

The blow had fallen. Each journal contained a full account of the descent on the gaming-house, and he saw his well-known name paraded as the proprietor. The pungent allusion to himself in the articles made him winces with pain. The lash was applied without mercy.

"The cursed bounds!" Van Rensselaer muttered, in rage, rising and pacing up and down the floor and vainly endeavoring to still the passion that was swelling in his soul.

There was a tap at the door and Clara entered.

Her eyes instantly fell upon the papers scattered carelessly about the room.

"Oh, you've seen it, then?" she said.

"Seen what?" he asked, in irritation.

"Why, that dreadful article about you."

"Oh, yes, I've seen it," he replied, bitterly.

"Isn't it dreadful? I should think that they would be ashamed to print such things."

"They'll print any thing to sell their papers, and it doesn't make much difference whether it's true or false."

"What are you going to do about it, David?"

"I can tell better when I've thought the affair over and seen my lawyer."

"Everybody in the neighborhood knows all about it," she said, with a wry face.

"How do you know that?" he demanded, pausing suddenly in his walk.

"Why, I've had three visitors already and they all wanted to know if I had seen that dreadful story in the newspapers. Of course they all declared that it was perfectly shameful for the nasty newspapers to publish such a horrid story, and that they didn't believe a word of it; but I know they did, David, and they only came out of spite and envy."

"I wonder what effect it will produce on Lawrence?" David said, suddenly.

"That's what I've been thinking about ever since I read about the horrid affair."

"He may take it into his head to back out of his engagement with you."

"Why, that would be perfectly dreadful!" Clara exclaimed, in horror.

"Don't be alarmed, sister; I think that I shall be able to hold him to his promise. I shall try the experiment."

"That's right. He promised to call this evening."

"I will receive him; leave it all to me."

"Very well; I shan't go out to-day, for I know how the people will look at me."

Clara left the room.

David ordered his carriage, drove down to his lawyer and had a long and not very satisfactory interview with him. The lawyer counseled moderation, while Van Rensselaer wished to take instant action.

Eight o'clock in the evening found Van Rensselaer pacing restlessly as a caged tiger up and down his library floor.

"I would almost be willing to give half my fortune to strike one good blow at this man," he murmured; he referred to Royal Keene. "He must be got out of the way, but how?"

Van Rensselaer pondered on the difficult question.

A servant entered with a message that a Mr. Abrams wished to speak with him upon important business.

"Show him in here," Van Rensselaer said; "I wonder what he wants with me?"

He questioned, after the servant had left the room. "Some wonderful diamonds to sell cheap, I suppose, or some other nonsense of that sort. I am in little humor to-night to be worried."

The servant put an end to Van Rensselaer's surmises by showing Abrams into the room.

"Good-evening, Mister Von Rensselaer," the old Jew said, in his usually oily way.

"Good-evening, sir."

"I hope you're well?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"I have a little business to do with you, and the broker rubbed his hands together softly."

"Isn't it rather an odd time for business, Mr. Abrams?" the young man said, coldly.

He was not in the best of humor, and he rather resented the Jew's visit.

"For business like mine all times is de goot time, Mr. Van Rensselaer," the Jew replied.

"Well, sir, what is it?" Van Rensselaer asked, impatiently.

"I have got something to sell you, shell you so cheap as never vasht, mine goot friend!" exclaimed the broker, enthusiastically.

"My dear sir, I do not feel in the humor to-night to buy any thing," the young man said, impatiently.

"Ah, mine gootness! you must wait till you shall hear vat it is. I know dat we can make a trade. Oh, Moses! I have a wonderful bargain."

"I am sure that I do not care to buy any thing, no matter what it is," persisted Van Rensselaer.

"Vat you say to your father's will, eh?" and the broker lowered his tone mysteriously as he spoke, and leered with a cunning smile into the face of Van Rensselaer.

"My father's will!" exclaimed the young man, in great astonishment.

"Dat ish true, so help me Isaac!"

"You are in possession of my father's will?"

"No."

"How then can you sell it to me?"

"You wait; wait a little and I tell you. Dere is a very goot friend of mine, he comes to me and he say, 'Abrams, my tear, you ish an honest man.' I say, 'Yesh.' He say, 'What you then gif me for dis paper?' I look at him, and so helps me Isaac! I vash your father's will."

"Who was this person who wished to sell you the will?" David asked, unable to understand the strange affair.

"He ish a very nice young mans," the Jew said, with a cunning chuckle. "Now he calls himself James Bright; you and me knows him better ash Royal Keene."

"Ah, you recognized him, then?" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, I never forgets a face," and the broker shook his head, wisely.

"That is what you say to him about buying this will?"

"I tole him dat it vash of no use to me. He say, 'Yesh it is; you takes dis to David Van Rensselaer and he gifes you goot price for it.' I ish an honest man, I no buy vat you call a pig in a poke. I say to him, 'You wait. I will see vat I can do. I have a friend who have got monish, I no got any. I go to him, perhaps he lend me the monish.' Den I come to you. Vat you say, you want the will, eh?"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 119.)

Tracked to Death:

OR,
THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANGERS,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER CII.

HAND TO HAND.

RIDING at full speed, cleaving the air, that whistles past his ears, with eyes straining forward, Clancy sees the changed attitude of the two squadrons. The conflict he expected has not come off. And it may not.

If it do, will he be in time to take part in it? The thought of being too late gives him a chill.

Only for a moment does he mistrust his horse—perhaps the fastest of all.

Again recovering confidence, he presses on, heading in a diagonal line between pursued and pursuers.

He soon sees that he is closing upon both, and with equal joy that they are nearing one another. The short-striding mustangs are no match for the long-legged American horses. Ten miles more, and they must become mingled!

As yet not a shot has been fired. The distance is still too great for the range of

rifles, and neither prairie nor backwoodsman wastes ammunition by idly discharging their guns. The only sounds heard are the tramping of two hundred hoofs, with an occasional neigh of a horse.

The riders are all silent, in both troops alike—one in the mute eagerness of flight, the other in the stern earnestness of pursuit. The time for clamor—for shouting and shooting—has not yet come.

Both will soon begin. As Clancy sweeps along the oblique line, heading for the space that separates the two squadrons, he perceives this gradually diminishing. Soon after he sees puffs of smoke and jets of the thin outer veil of blue mist; then finds himself in the thick of the conflict.

Shouts and confusion around him. Men on horseback fighting with other mounted men; pairs in close clutch, grappling and endeavoring to drag each other down; other pairs apart, firing pistols; some with drawn blades endeavoring to knife one another!

Notwithstanding the confusion, he can see that the conflict is nearly over, that the robbers have been routed. Many of them are already dismounted and upon their knees, crying "Quarter!" piteously appealing for mercy, begging for dear life!

Soon after the strife terminates, resistance being no longer offered. The victors stand over the vanquished, most of the latter dead, those that still live with pistols held to their heads or knives threatening their throats.

Clancy has come upon the ground too late to have a share in the struggle. It matters not. The criminals have been chastised, meeting the fate due to their diabolical crimes. His own vengeance had been already appeased by the death of Richard Darke.

Where is Simeon Woodley? Has he fallen in the confused melee? Has his old comrade been killed?

Half frantic with this fear, Clancy gallops over the ground, giving a glance at every group. Woodley is nowhere to be seen.

Clancy calls out his name. No answer; and he shouts "Heywood!"

To this there is a response. The young backwoodsman staggers to his side, bleeding and blackened with powder. He is wounded, though not to the death.

His horse had been shot under him, or he would not be there.

"Where is Woodley?"

"Sime's took that way," said Heywood, extending his arm outward. "I seed him ride off chasing the big brute, Borlasse. For God's sake, Charley Clancy, go after him. He may need you."

Clancy does not wait to hear the final word. Giving fresh impulse to his steed, he darts through the sulphury cloud that still overhangs the field of fight. As he comes into clear air, he sees two horsemen going off over the plain, one after the other. Both are men of colossal size. But it does not need to tell who they are. At a glance he recognizes them; the pursuer as Simeon Woodley, the pursued as Jim Borlasse.

Both are riding large horses, American breed, strong, and able to carry them. But the robber is only a little way ahead, and the backwoodsman is evidently gaining upon him.

Clancy perceives this with gladness, though not without an apprehension. He knows that Jim Borlasse is an antagonist not to be despised. Now about to be bayed, and in desperation, he will fight to the bitter end. Woodley will stand in need of all the strength and strategy of which he is master.

Clancy has confidence in his old comrade. Still is there a fear that urges him to increased speed, in the hope of helping him.

Better mounted than either, he soon shortens the distance between himself and them.

Before he can get up the two have closed together, and are engaged in earnest strife.

It is no conflict apart, with a cracking of rifles or pistols. Not a shot is being exchanged between them. Instead, the combatants are close together; have hold of one another; are fighting hand to hand, with bowies!

It commences on horseback, but at the first grip both come to the ground, dragging one another out of the saddle. They continue to fight on foot, hewing away with their blades as if each was determined to hack the flesh from the other's bones.

A grand, broad spectacle: these two gigantic gladiators engaged in mortal strife, with all their might trying to kill one another; all the more terrible from the silence that accompanies it. Neither speaks a word. They are too intent upon slaying. The only sound that reaches Clancy's ear is their hoarse, stertorous breathing, as they pant to get wind.

A spectacle that might distress the humane heart; but one that would have elicited peals of applause from that demoralized multitude who witnessed the contest between Spartacus and his Dacian brother.

Clancy has no thought of being an idle spectator. His heart beats with apprehension for the issue; and with rifle cocked and ready he rides up, looking for a chance to send a bullet through the body of Borlasse.

His help is not needed. Neither gun nor pistol is to give his death-shot to the chief of the prairie pirates. Before Clancy can take aim at him, the blade of a bowie-knife has entered between two of his ribs, splitting his heart and laying him dead along the earth.

"You're too late, Charley Clancy; though for good intentions Sime Woodley thanks ye all the same. That skunk o' skunks won't trouble Texas no more. Ain't he a beauty, as he lies thar? But whar hev you dropt from? What 'bout Dick Darke? Hev you seen any thim' o' him?"

"I have."

"Wal, what's happened? Have you dud anythin' to him?"

"The same as you have done to him," answers Clancy, pointing to the body of Borlasse.

"All right. That accounts for the hull party. Now, let's go back, and see what's chanced to the others. I reck'n they've been disposed o' much in a similar way, and these hyur purrayers are now cleared of a crowd o' scoundrels, the biggest and bloodiest as ever ranged over 'em. Kum along, Charley; let the skunk lay! He's foul enough to be a fittin' bankwot for them buzzarts. Good-by, Jim Borlasse!"

CHAPTER CIII.

CONCLUSION.

Does it need to say that our tale is ended?

The reader will make answer that it does not. He knows what came after, or can

guess it, in almost every particular. It would be like repeating an old story to tell him that, after the sanguinary conflict, in which most of the prairie pirates—unfortunately, also, several of the settlers—were killed, the victors returned to the San Saba Mission, taking with them their dead comrades, along with their live prisoners. There the latter were tried, condemned, and hanged, even before the former were consigned to their graves.

And when an interval of sadness had elapsed, a solemnity due to the feelings of those bereaved, joy once more pervaded the colony—joy never general.

It reached its climax on that day when the two beautiful daughters of Colonel Armstrong, robed in bridal array, stood before the altar of the old church, and gave consent to changing their surnames; one of them ever after to be called Dupre, the other Clancy.

There was a third couple made man and wife on the same occasion, though not at the same hour. By a special service Jupiter and Juno were joined in holy wedlock; each making a vow of fealty

MY FIRST KNIFE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A warrior bold for martial deeds
And feats unprecedented,
Receives a most elaborate sword
By loving friends presented.
He takes it home, he views it o'er,
Laughs, smiles and fondly gorges,
And folds it to his bosom with
Most affectionate regards.

Thus was I pleased when me they gave
The knife I long had sighed for,
And yearned and burned and craved, and
And prayed.

And pouted for and cried for:
That knife was of the Barlow breed,
Which I had fixed my hope in,
Two-bladed: one would never shut
And one would never open.

I honed it upon every brick
To make its edge a keen one,
The blade which used to be quite thick
Soon got to be a lean one.

And when it held a razor-edge,
How nice it cut the woodwork,
And doors and window-casings showed
I did exceeding good work.

How tenderly it carved the chairs;
'Twould often cut me off,
How smoothly and delightfully
It cut the kitten's tail off!

The way it cut the bureau knobs
Indeed was no delusion,
And sweetly like a thing of life
It sliced the lounge's cushion.

I strapped it on my boots and cut
The upper leather badly,
And for one blissful hour I carved
Our fine piano gladly.

I stacked the banisters with joy,
The rocking-chair with pleasure,
I pruned the little trees and lopped
All limbs off for good measure.

With strong emotion few can feel
I whittled down the railings,
And with an inward ecstasy
I whittled up the palings.

I cut the paintings on the walls
With great enthusiasm,
And in my granddaddy's portrait made
A most unusual chasm.

If I had but continued on,
Indeed there's no surmise,
How sweet a time I might have had
In cutting 'round and slicing.

I thought I cut exceeding well,
But father came and rescued
And with the dullest kind of switch
He beat me all to pieces.

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

V.—"THE MELANCHOLY MAN."

"It was a good bit ago, gentlemen," said Billy, accepting Viator's tobacco-pouch, and loading up while he talked, "and we was rather idle on the river. It didn't seem as if any one wanted to fish that year, and Joe Hubbard was dreadful down-hearted and didn't cheer up a bit, till one day the steamer from Kingston landed a stranger on the dock, and a queer-looking old file he was, too. He was longer than a country road, and had the most mournful face on him you ever see on a human critter in all your days. It made me old just to look at him, and I was almost sorry when he tackled me to row him, though I was dreadful anxious for a job, too.

"He was the queerest-acting man I ever see. He didn't act like a Christian, but as soon as he got out of reach of Clayton, he'd git out a flute and play on it. Dang my buttons, if it wa'n't enough to drive every fish out of these peaceful waters to hear him play, I tell you I'd 'd him a lunatic now if I hadn't nerved myself to bear it for the sake of my family. I tell you it was awful, awful! Of all the disagreeable, mean, pizen sounds that ever a man wrung out of a flute, them was the very wust. Did you ever hang a cat over a limb by the tail? That's the idee. I used to think, sometimes, that it would be a happy thing for the world, and a Christian duty, if I was to take and heave him overboard, flute and all, one of these fine days. After I'd pulled him round for maybe two hours, and when I was just about blind crazy, he'd order me to pull up to one of the islands, and he'd land and git out a lot of chemicals and brass fixin's, and try experiments with 'em. It was awful, worse than the flute almost, because you'd think he had opened a sepulcher somewhere when he fairly got to work. *Smell!* It's no name for it! I've been in bone-yards, and sot down on rotten eggs, and so forth, but the way he used to go on was *dreadful*."

"See here, mister," I said, one day, "you are cutting this too fat, I know you are. The people round here are honest, plain-dealin' people, and will stand a good deal, but I reckon they won't 'low all the fish pizened by such smells as them."

"He looked at me in that stony way of his, and fairly made my flesh creep."

"Young man," he said, in a grave-yard voice, "peace! Trouble me not in the hour of my triumph. I have been driven from the haunts of men to this benighted region by vulgar prejudice, and here I will stay until my work is done. I have a mission to perform."

"Then, by gracious," says I, "I wish you'd perform it, 'cause I can't stand this much longer."

"Twa'n't no manner of use to talk to him, though, for the old thief would keep on his cussed foolishness. Mortal man couldn't bear it much longer, and I know'd if I was to stay with him three days more, I'd spill him out of the boat, and run fur Canada. But he stuck me to my contract, for I'd signed one to row him for a month, and he was good pay too. But he wouldn't eat, and drink was pizen to him, and he'd as soon die as smoke. The only way I could deaden the smells he kicked up was to light a pipe and blow a cloud that you could see three mile away. Lots of times the boys thought the island was on fire, but it was only me smoking to drive away the smell. If you'd ever see me comin' down from the island, when old Buzzer had got his boxes out, you'd have thought it was the Cataract comin' down from Kingston."

"All things must have an end, anyhow, and one day he finished it. I was just about as mad as I could hold before we got to the island, for he played awful bad that mornin', but when he got his chemicals out—whew! otto of skunks was nothing compared with it. Wal, he got them fixed up and put them in a mortar, and commenced to pound 'em, and the more he pounded the worse they smelled."

"Look here," I said, "what'll you take to let me out of this contract? I can't stand it any longer."

"Presumptuous man!" he howled, "think you that I will let you come between me and my triumph? Yet a few days and the world will ring with the glory of my name."

"I don't know what the consarned fool was trying to make—he never would tell me, and I don't know to this day; but I s'pose he had been kicked out of all decent

places for his foolishness, and I only wonder they didn't take his life. I looked at the mortar, and was calculatin' how fur I could raise it with one kick, when I see it commence to smoke.

"Oh, if it only would bust up," I thought, "I'd be a happy man!"

"The thought had scarcely passed through my brains when there came a report like a cannon, and old Buzzer was standing in a sheet of blue flame, howlin' like a lunatic. I see only one way, and I went for him, and checked him off the point into deep water, and he went out with a hiss like a snake, and then I pulled him up, the sickest-looking specimen that ever disgraced the St. Lawrence. His beard was burned off close to his face and he hadn't a sign of an eyebrow, and, take him as he averaged, he looked mean enough for fish-bait."

"I got him into the boat and we started back. He didn't try to play the flute any, and when I got to the village, I took him to the barber shop to git the hair off his face, and you ought to have heard him howl and cuss his country while that barber skinned him. He lit out next day, and that's the last we ever heard of him or his flute, and his twice-cussed experiments. If he ever comes back here again, I'll bust his old head. My pipe is out and it's time to git to the boats, if we mean to fish to-day."

So we gathered up the relics of the feast and put out again, and at nightfall pulled into Clayton with the biggest lot of fish which had been brought in by two boats for many days, and Viator's moscalonge made him the hero of the hour.

Hakim Abdallah.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

"Tie up the Christian dog, and give him fifty on the bare feet!"

The speaker was a powerful Arab, magnificently dressed, sitting in his deep saddle as if he had grown there, the falcon on his wrist fluttering about and screaming angrily in response to its master's harsh voice.



HAKIM ABDALLAH.

The gray barb beneath him curveted impatiently under the sharp Mameluke bit, but without disturbing the seat of Sheikh Houssein, whose dark face was convulsed with fury, while his black beard fairly bristled.

He was speaking to a crowd of slaves, and pointing to a slight, fair-faced boy, whose blue eyes and light hair proclaimed him to be the victim of some African shipwreck, and a Christian slave.

"My lord sheikh, for the love of Allah! The child is too young to stand it! You will kill him! Indeed he meant to do no harm."

The voice was that of an old man with a long, gray beard, dressed in the dark robe of a hakim or physician. He seemed to have more authority than any one else, or he must have been over-bored to interpose between a sheikh of the Sahara and his slave.

Sheikh Houssein turned furiously round. "What is it to thee? By the beard of the Prophet, were he old enough to stand it, I'd give him five hundred. He has lost my best falcon for me through his cursed carelessness."

"My lord," said the old man, firmly, "I was not his fault. The chief falconer should have known better than to trust such a boy with a haggard fresh caught."

"Hah! You excuse him, do you?" said Sheikh Houssein, suddenly cooling down, but with a diabolical sneer on his dark face. "Then, by the might of Allah, you shall take his place and suffer for him. Slaves, tie up the Hakim Abdallah and give him fifty strokes. Let the boy loose, and tell the falconer not to trust him any more."

"My lord," said Hakim Abdallah, "command that order."

He spoke quietly, but with an air of subdued menace. It was plain to see that the slaves were in awe of him, for not one had yet laid hands on him.

Sheikh Houssein laughed scornfully. "And wherefore? Thinkest that I fear thy charms, or the evil eye?"

"If but a stroke is laid on me," said the Hakim, solemnly, "in less than three days the hand of God shall smite thee, and set the slave free."

Again the Sheikh laughed. "Give a hundred to him, men," he said, savagely. "Give him something to remember Sheikh Houssein by."

And he turned his horse to the desert, whistled to his grayhounds, and rode away, the last sound in his ears being the noise of blows.

Sheikh Houssein was a robber chief of the Sahara, Lord of the Ouled Cassim, who made his robber's nest in a pile of stately ruins, built in times long past, when the Saracens were the artists of the world. His camels and horses were counted by thou-

sands, and five hundred armed horsemen mounted at the sound of his kettle-drums.

Sheikh Houssein was devotedly fond of falconry, and fierce and ungovernable to a degree in his temper.

The lad who had lost the falcon was his favorite slave, or he would have killed him. As it was, he wanted a victim to wreak his anger on, and it had fallen on the hakim.

Hakim Abdallah was a slave, too, a slave of the kind most despised by the Arabs, a Jew. He had been captured in a caravan from Tripoli, and his master had found his services as a physician so valuable that he had hitherto enjoyed as many privileges as a Moslem.

All the Arabs were afraid of him, thinking he had the "evil eye." Even Sheikh Houssein, worked up by passion as he was, felt sundry strange misgivings as he galloped away, remembering that this was the first time blows had ever reached the hakim.

But none the less he enjoyed his sport, and by the time he came home in the evening had almost forgotten all about it.

When he returned, he asked after the hakim, and was told that he lay on his mat, unable to walk from the severe beating he had received, while the Frank slave, Hassan, was attending him.

"It is just," said the sheikh, sneeringly. "He took the beating for the boy. Let the lad cure him. Had he been less a fool he could walk on his feet now. Bring me my supper."

Meanwhile, in a cell of the old ruins, Willy Somers, the boy slave, known to the Arabs as Hassan, the Frank, was tending the poor old Jew, bathing his feet and talking soothingly to him.

The Jew addressed him in English, which he seemed to talk as a native, and asked him:

"Willy, my lad, can you ride well?"

"Surely I can, sir, or I have attended the sheikh on his hunts for nothing."

"Can you steal two horses and a camel to-night, Willy? If you can, we can escape."

"But we shall be followed and overtaken," objected the boy. "The sheikh is the best tracker of the Sahara, and, moreover, you can not walk."

"I can crawl and I can ride," said the sufferer, grimly. "Willy, we have suffered this man's tyranny over long. The French frontier is but five days' journey from here, and there are two horses in the sheikh's stables that can do them in one day. Let those horses be ready behind here at moon-rise, and I will provide for Sheikh Houssein. Will you do it?"

"I will," said the lad, trembling.

The moon peeped out from behind a light cloud just lifting the edge of the rugged rocks, and shone into the picturesque ruin, covered with creepers, where Sheikh Houssein lay sleeping.

The sheikh was a good Moslem, and touched no wine of the juice of the grape, but he had no such scruples about rakes, because forsooth it is made of rice.

He had drunk heavily that night, and lay on his back snoring, the moon shining over his herculean form as it lay extended.

One massive arm had fallen passive on the ground, and he had twisted and writhed in his uneasy slumber till he was half off the heap of cushions that made his couch.

At the head of the couch, leaning against the stone mullions of the ruined window, was the great spear that few others could wield, and beside it the round shield of burnished steel, descended from the Crusades, that Sheikh Houssein had flashed in the face of many a foe.

A dark, creeping figure stealthily approached the couch of the sleeper. It might have been a crouching tiger, so quietly did it move. It was a man on hands and knees, his gray beard sweeping the ground as he crept, his feet all raw and bloody on the soles from the cruel beating he had received.

Slowly and noiselessly he crept nearer to the couch, and raised himself slowly on one knee.

As he did so an involuntary groan burst from him, for the lacerated sole of his foot rested a moment on the ground. The groan startled the sleeper, and he turned uneasily on the couch.

Instantly up went the arm of the crouching man, and a long dagger gleamed in his hand.

"That for the scourge to a prince of the house of David!" said the old gray-bearded man, in a deep tone of voice.

As he spoke the dagger descended. There was a stifled groan, and then the lifeless body of Sheikh Houssein fell off the couch and rolled over on the earth.

Hakim Abdallah, for it was the old Jew himself, turned round and crept away on hands and knees. The whole castle was buried in sleep. Outside he heard the low whinnying of the horses held by Willy Somers, and soon he was beside him.

"I got them safe out of the stable," whispered the boy. "They are Mahmoud and

El. Reis, the best in the stud. But, oh! I'm so frightened, Mr. Abrams. Shall we be able to get away? Will not the sheikh follow us?"

"Sheikh Houssein will never mount horse again," said Hakim Abdallah. "He is dead. Help me to mount, boy."

With much grinding of teeth and muttered groans, the old Jew was helped into the saddle. Once there, thanks to the high back-board and shovel stirrup, he was safe, in spite of his infirmity and weakness.

"And now, then, away, boy," he said. "If we are not in French land by to-morrow's sunset, woe betide us."

The French sentry at the frontier post of Guelma, the next evening, beheld two horsemen approaching the fort at a strained laboring gallop.

It was, indeed, the fugitives from Sheikh Houssein's smala.

The two well-blooded barbs had traversed one hundred and fifty miles in the twenty-four hours, and paid the penalty of the extraordinary feat with their lives.

Willy Somers returned to his native land, and was ever after a warm friend to the Jew doctor, Moses Abrams, whom he had only known as Hakim Abdallah.

Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

V.—THE MAID OF THE LAGOON.

UNDER the tropics, the spicy breezes of that delightful clime fanning the brow of the mariners, on board the schooner Kate Granger, Richard Bailey, commander. The low, green islands, the deep lagoons, and the high peaks inland, formed a scene of picturesque beauty, seen only in such lands as these, where Nature does her work undisturbed. The schooner had backed her topsails and lay waiting for the approach of canoes, fearing to approach an unknown shore, when a shout from a man forward called their attention to the beach. A crowd of islanders appeared upon the shining

lagoon with an ease which showed that he knew the soundings well, and the Kate Granger let go an anchor in the placid water, within a cable's length of the shore. Juna—the beautiful girl—clapped her hands joyfully as the anchor went to the bottom, and the swimmers, who had followed the schooner in, came swarming over the side. They pervaded the ship in all directions, laughing merrily at the sailors, and making the air vocal with laughter. Bailey paid the chief for what he had done in piloting them in, and ordered all the natives off the schooner.

"And before you go, Mister Chief," said Starbuck, "hand over that sextant you've cribbed. 'Taint no use to you, and we've got a use for it."

The chief shook his head energetically, but Starbuck had seen him when he purloined the instrument, and forced him to give it up. As the savage went over the side, he cast a dark look at the white men and muttered fiercely.

"Let the men who go ashore take pistols with them," said Starbuck, "and the quicker we git that water and creep out of this, the better for all concerned."

The boats were manned and sent on shore with the water-casks, and long before night they were filled and rolled down to the shore. Then commenced the labor of bringing them off, which was nearly accomplished when night came on. Juna was the only one who had been permitted to remain, and she walked the deck like a queen, gracefully accepting the homage of the sailors, and taking complete possession of the vessel. Just as the last boat was leaving the shore, the chief was seen to approach Starbuck and speak to him, and the next moment the sailor struck him in the face with the back of his hand, sprung into the boat, and came off.

"It's done now, captain!" he cried. "Old Pomma insulted me, and I struck him. Let's get out of this as quick as we can."

A long, shrill, terrible yell was heard upon the shore, and the savages were seen running to and fro among the huts, preparing themselves for war. The men saw their danger and sprung at the captain's bars like tigers, and in an incredibly short space of time the anchor was off the ground, and the head of the Kate Granger swung round toward the entrance to the bay. But who was to pilot them? The passage was narrow, and the slightest movement to the right or left might leave them hard and fast upon the coral. Juna saw their trouble, and sprung forward.

"Me pilot!" she cried; "better than Pomma."

"I trust you," replied Bailey. "Go to work."

Behind them they heard the shrill cries of gathering foes, and the dash of paddles. Into the narrow passage, directed by this brave young girl, went the schooner, and all held their breath in mute wonder and suspense. She was true to them, and they felt the schooner rising and falling upon the surface of the Pacific, flying before a freshening breeze, leaving the canoes far behind.

"And what will you do, my brave girl?" said Bailey, approaching the fair pilot.

"Where will you go?"

"Micronary at Hawaii," replied the girl, softly. "Juna will go to them."

Richard Bailey guarded her through the short voyage as carefully as he might have done his sister, and placed her in the house of a friend in the capital of Queen Pommone. She married an educated native, and still lives in Honolulu, happy and beloved.

Beat Time's Notes.

"HONESTY is the best policy except the Insurance policy," said an agent.

Books, though bad, have good backing.

"Hold on there!—I mean let go!" as the fellow said when he was being choked by another.

No man in contention can be in content.

A newspaper is the mirror of the people. Be careful that you don't see yourself in the Sheriff's column.

If "ignorance is bliss," what a happy state some people are in.

WATER—a man at the hotel-table who waits on you—or, more literally, who makes you wait on him.

Too much ease is a dis-ease.

A DANDY asked Jim the other day: "Hasn't this cigar a nice flavor?" "Yes," said Jim, dryly, "the cent in it smells very strong."

OUR Irish correspondent, writing from the South, says: "There is a good deal of feet to a naggar (an acre), but the towns are half-inch to the foot."

A HUSBAND wrote home from Pike's Peak: "I have found plenty of quartz here." A friend spoils it by writing to his wife, "quartz of whisk!"

AN exchange says: "Thirteen used to be a baker's dozen, but things is changed, it is now the undertaker's."

JIBBLE said of a squalling baby: "He's crosser'n a saw-buck."

THE bark of a dog is good for the bite.

THE way of the transgressor is hard, but the weigh of the butcher is harder.

EPIGRAPH on a gassy man—A man born of woman, of few days and full of bubble.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR's sentence was, "Go to grass."

MANY a count ought to be surmamed "Noah."

WHEN a woman has two lovers, they say she has "two strings to her bow;" ought it not be "two beaux to her string?"

MANY a man's hour-glass is a glass an hour.

A FELLOW cut off a part of a pig's tail and remarked: "The last end of that pig is piece."

YOUR greatest enemy is some one's friend.